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DEVEREUX.

Devereux: a Tale. By the Author of *Pelham*. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

THE writer of this book has gained a very considerable reputation among different classes of people. Many fine ladies think him a great philosopher; and he has been praised in our hearing by a party of Cambridge Fellows for his knowledge of fashionable society. And this we take to be the secret of that success which has induced some great authorities to call the author of '*Pelham*' one of the first writers of the day. A class of persons, who think his works meritorious for some quality which they do not themselves understand (and therefore admire), happen to hear that he is admired by other classes of people for other accomplishments, and he thus obtains a sort of universal celebrity.

The chief characteristic of '*Pelham*' was very properly stated by the author to be unbounded impudence; and the whole book is an admirable illustration of this quality in the hero. By this he is enabled fearlessly to claim praise for success in different pursuits in which no man ever was successful. He is at once a metaphysician and a fop; and must, of course, be in one or other of his characters a mere quack. It is not hard to decide in which of them he is an utter pretender. He describes his affected refinements with the greatest delight, and in extreme minuteness. He dwells on dress, cookery, and flirtation, with all the earnestness of a man who wishes to have it believed that he devotes his life to these things. We have been told, by persons who have undoubted taste and knowledge in such matters, that *Pelham* is really very ignorant of them. But this does not affect our assertion, that it is in them he wishes to excel. Archdeacon Travis was a bad Greek scholar, his trade not the less was critical theology. It is in a very different way that *Pelham* is ignorant of philosophy. He obviously thinks of it only as a means of display. The coxcomb character follows him even into the library and the groves of Academe; and he deals out his emphatic ignorance, and false and full-blown common-places with the very air of vulgar '*dandyism*' and conceited audacity which distinguished him as a man of the world and a *soi-disant* fine gentleman. He tells us indeed himself that he put away his puppyisms as he increased in years and sense. But the rake in '*Valerius Maximus*,' who threw off his crown of flowers, and became a philosopher, did not afterwards carry himself with the same vain-glorious and effeminate bearing which had marked him as a reveller.

When this work appeared and was thus spoken of, it was very easy to answer that the author was not exhibiting himself, but a creation of his brain. We need not inquire whether the book bore out this assertion, for the writer has since supplied us with other means of judging him. In the '*Disowned*' the prominent personages are described as very different from that egregious pretender, *Pelham*. But we are sorry to know that the same character of ignorant dogmatism and school-boy conceit displays itself in every page; and the character of Mordaunt is merely an attempt to force on the acceptance of the world, in black velvet and gold lettering, that '*Westminster Review*,' which, in its plain drab cover, had disgusted the instincts of mankind.

Last comes '*Devereux*,' heralded and hailed as the master-piece of modern literature. We will tell our reader the story of the book. It is the supposed

auto-biography of a certain Count Devereux, who is stated to have bequeathed the MS. to future generations, (like Lord Bacon bequeathing his eternal legacy,) on condition that it should not be opened for a century. Count Devereux is grandson of Sir Arthur Devereux, a country gentleman of immense fortune, who leaves two sons. The elder, after spending some time about the court of Charles II., returns to his estates in the country. The younger enters the French service, becomes a distinguished soldier, and when he dies is a marshal of France, and father of three sons. These (with their mother) seek the protection of their childless uncle, and Sir William receives them into his house. Count Devereux, the auto-biographer, is the eldest of the three. He is noted even in boyhood for sarcastic wit, and (of course in a book by the author of '*Pelham*') for extreme idleness combined with the most extraordinary talents and powers of application. His second brother, Gerald, is a clever and handsome lad; and the third, Aubrey, a gentle and delicate boy. The three go to the same school, and hate each other not only heartily but with the utmost malignity. A Jesuit, Montreuil, the father confessor of the family, and cut out by the long-established pattern of a Jesuit, attempts to gain all the influence he can over the young count, who, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, and knowing nothing whatever of the world, is a perfect match for the accomplished schemer. When the boys leave school, Morton (the count) falls in love with the daughter of a poor Spanish refugee (Isora); but, though she confesses that she loves him, she refuses to give him her hand, and he discovers that a person, whom he believes to be his brother Gerald, is his rival; the father and daughter disappear, and Morton goes to London, in company with a woman of fashion, a Lady Hasselton, whose gallant he becomes. In London, he of course makes himself an extravagant fine gentleman and coxcomb; he then discovers the retreat of Isora, the Spanish lady, and on her father's death secretly marries her. Sir William Devereux dies; and when the will is opened, Morton, the eldest brother and the favourite of the old knight, is only to receive £20,000, while the estates are bequeathed to Gerald. He returns to London, and a packet is given him, which he is assured will prove the will to be a forgery; but he is desired not to open it for a week; and, in the interval, two men break into his room, seize the papers, and murder Isora, while she interposes to save him from their blows.

In the mean time he has become a friend of Lord Bolingbroke's, and on that minister's disgrace and flight he accompanies him to France. Here he sees Louis Quatorze, and becomes a friend of the Regent, Orleans; he quarrels with Dubois, and, being sent out of France, takes service with the Czar Peter. At his death, Count Devereux, now a rich and celebrated man, quits Russia, and goes to Italy to study the question of the Immortality of the Soul. He satisfies his mind on the subject, but unhappily does not think fit to furnish us with any of the arguments which set him at rest. Having achieved this, he falls in with a hermit, in whom he discovers his brother Aubrey. The death of this youth had been announced several years before. But Count Devereux now learns, from a written confession, that this had been part of a plan of the Jesuit Montreuil. Aubrey had, it seems, with the sweetest and most seraphic expression, (which had deceived every one into believing him a saintly personage,) the blackest possible heart. It was he who had made love to

Isora, and been rejected by her; and he had been accessory to Montreuil's plan of forging a will which should transfer the estate from Morton to Gerald. It was he who had murdered Isora, and he had afterwards gone mad, and become a black penitent. He dies; and Morton returns to England, and kills the Jesuit. Gerald is dispatched in a fray; and the count rebuilds the old mansion-house, which had been burnt down, and writes his memoirs.

This story, probably, does not fill one-half of the three volumes; but, in the course of the count's wanderings, he happens to fall in with nearly all the remarkable men of that period, and more especially becomes intimate with Lord Bolingbroke, who is described at length; only the count does not seem to have known that he held any remarkable opinions. It is curious, that the descriptions of Devereux's eminent contemporaries are by far the cleverest things in the book, and yet have not the slightest business to appear in it; for a novel told in the first person should undoubtedly contain nothing which does not bear in some way on the character and fortunes of the hero: and that character and those fortunes would be altogether as intelligible and interesting as they now are, if Lord Bolingbroke, and all the wits of the time, were swept from the volumes. Devereux himself constantly tells us, that he was a man of peculiarly deep and earnest character; but the whole style of his memoirs is like that of '*Pelham*,' and '*The Disowned*,' one of indescribable impertinence and frivolity, full of agonies, ecstasies, and conceits, far-fetched poverty of expression, and ostentatious theories, which, while they are intended to be paradoxes, have truisms for their premises, and for their conclusions blunders. There are about five hundred phrases or sentences in the work which this proud, severe soldier, so remarkable for his afflicted and solitary spirit, points out to the wonder of the circulating libraries as either peculiarly witty or sublime, by having them printed in Italics; nor would we insinuate that he was wrong in so doing, for it saves a reader a great deal of trouble to be told, on the best authority, where there is a fine thing, and what he is expected to admire.

The portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, about which there is much cackling in the notes to this work, and in some periodical publications, is evidently very satisfactory to the writer. And we should, indeed, have expected that such a man as St. John, of all eminent Englishmen the least English, and more a pretender to talents and accomplishments which he had not, than ever was any one who really had so much to be proud of,—we should have expected that he would be the ideal and model for such a mind as that which produced '*Pelham*' and '*Devereux*.' But we are also persuaded, that what this author admires in Bolingbroke is not his real merit, but the false glare of his trickeries and assumptions. It is certainly a fine thing and a great triumph for any man's vanity to be allowed to treat the opinions of the world, and the monuments of history, and truth itself with an aristocratic and insolent superiority. This, by the aid of rank and talent, Bolingbroke did, and was admired, and is now (thank Heaven!) nearly forgotten. But it will not do for a mere literary handicraftsman to clothe himself in the tattered and moth-eaten ermine of the peer, and mimic his lordly bearing.

For our parts, we profess to be but little skilled in nice matters of criticism. We own that, but for the statement of the editor, we should have supposed the work before us to be the composition, not of Count Devereux writing a century ago, but of some book-

compounder of our own day. Its folly and conceit might have belonged, indeed, to any century since the flood; but its mock passion and 'intense' exaggeration could scarcely have been displayed by an Englishman in any age before our own. It could never be necessary in any time before our own to point out that a dwarf in convulsions is not a giant.

We must add, that there is a good deal of smart talent in some of the scenes of society described in these pages; and probably we may give in our next number a clever conversation at a supper of the French wits.

THE LIFE OF LOCKE.

This Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-Place Books. By Lord King. 1 vol. 4to. pp. 404. Colburn. London, 1829.

(Second Notice; see p. 420.)

In our previous notice of this work, we made a few general remarks on the character of Locke's mind and the value of his writings, and subjoined one of his letters, which appeared to us remarkable for spirit and cultivated talent. We now proceed to give an account of the contents of Lord King's volume. The first division of it contains little except a few letters of Locke, one of which we have extracted, and there are two others, written about the same time and from the same place, and no less remarkable for lively ability. A short one to his father is chiefly noticeable as being even more than ordinarily affectionate. Then follow large extracts from Locke's journals, beginning in the year 1675 (he was born in 1632.) They are a curious medley of notices recorded during his journeys and residence in France, and relating to almost every conceivable subject: books, works of art, dress, machinery, eating, religion, the pretty face of a damsel at an inn, parasols, tapestry, mathematics, soldiers, markets, monks, and natural philosophy. Mingled with these are long trains of speculations; and the whole presents an admirable picture of a quiet, observant, acute, and instructed mind. We will extract a passage, all the spirit of which is curiously inconsistent with doctrines deduced from his great work by later reasoners:

* JUNE 24th.—There are two sorts of knowledge in the world, general and particular, founded upon two different principles; *i. e.* true ideas, and matter of fact, or history. All general knowledge is founded only upon true ideas; and so far as we have these, we are capable of demonstration or certain knowledge: for he that has the true idea of a triangle or circle, is capable of knowing any demonstration concerning these figures; but if he have not the true idea of a scalenon, he cannot know any thing concerning a scalenon, though he may have some confused or imperfect opinion concerning a scalenon, upon a confused or imperfect idea of it; or when he believes what others say concerning a scalenon, he may have some uncertain opinion concerning its properties; but this is a belief, and not knowledge. Upon the same reason, he that has a true idea of God, of himself, as his creature, or the relation he stands in to God and his fellow-creatures, and of justice, goodness, law, happiness, &c. &c., is capable of knowing moral things, or have a demonstrative certainty in them. But though, I say, a man that hath such ideas, is capable of certain knowledge in them, yet I do not say that presently he hath thereby that certain knowledge, no more than that he hath a true idea of a triangle and a right angle, doth presently thereby know that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones. He may believe others that tell him so, but know it not till he himself hath employed his thoughts on and seen the connection and agreement of their ideas, and so made to himself the demonstration; *i. e.* upon examination seen it to be so. The first great step, therefore, to knowledge, is to get the mind furnished with true ideas, which the mind being capable of knowing of moral things as well as figures, I cannot but think morality, as well as mathematics, capable of demonstration, if men would employ their understandings to think more about it, and not give themselves up to the lazy, traditional way of talking one after another. By the knowledge of natural

bodies, and their operation reaching little farther than bare matter of fact, without having perfect ideas of the ways and manners they are produced, nor the concurrent causes they depend on; and also the well management of public or private affairs depending upon the various and unknown humours, interests, and capacity of men we have to do with in the world, and not upon any settled ideas of things. Physique, polity, and prudence, are not capable of demonstration, but a man is principally helped in them by the history of matter-of-fact, and a sagacity of enquiring into probable causes, and finding out an analogy in their operations and effects. Knowledge then depends upon right and true ideas; opinion upon history and matter-of-fact; and hence it comes to pass, that our knowledge of general things are *eterna veritates*, and depend not upon the existence or accidents of things, for the truths of mathematics and morality are certain, whether men make true mathematical figures, or suit their actions to the rules of morality or no. For that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones, is infallibly true, whether there be any such figure as a triangle existing in the world or no. And it is true, that it is every man's duty to be just, whether there be any such thing as a just man in the world or no. But whether this course in public or private affairs will succeed well,—whether rhabarb will purge, or quinquina cure an ague, is only known by experience; and there is but probability grounded upon experience or analogical reasoning, but no certain knowledge or demonstration.

* By having true and perfect ideas, we come to be in a capacity of having perfect knowledge, which consists in two parts: 1st. The knowing the properties of the thing itself; thus he that hath the true idea of a triangle, may know, if he will examine and follow the conduct of his reason, that its three angles are equal to two right ones, and the like. 2nd. The knowing how it stands related to any other figure, of which he has a perfect idea; viz. that of a triangle. But without the having these ideas true and perfect, he is not capable of knowing any of these properties in the thing itself, or relative to any other, though he may be able to say, after others when he has affirmed it, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones, and believe them to signify truth; though he himself knows not what these words signify, if he have no true ideas of a triangle or right angles, or knows them not to be true, if he have not made out to himself that demonstration which is by comparing the ideas and their parts together.

* The best Algebra yet extant is Outred's, though to all Algebra there needs but two theorems of Euclid, and five rules of Descartes, but those who are not masters of it make use of more.

* "Les esprits populaires s'offense de tout ce qui repugne à leurs préjugés;" one ought to take care, therefore, in all discourses, whether narrative or matter-of-fact, instructive to teach any doctrine, or persuasive, to take care of shocking the received opinion of those one has to deal with, whether true or false.—Pp. 120—122.

Between his French diary and the documents relating to his loss of the studentship, the noble editor inserts a very curious paper, containing Locke's directions to a foreigner for seeing the wonders of England. We confess they strike us as scarcely worthy of the eminent person from whom they proceeded; and it would be wiser to imitate his own practice in travelling on the Continent than to follow his precepts. The document, however, is so singular for the light it throws on many petty details of that period, and is so well adapted to interest our readers, that we give it as we find it in the book:

* ENGLAND.—1679.

* The sports of England, which, perhaps, a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking, and hunting. Bowling.—At Marebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling two or three times a week all the summer; wrestling, in Lincoln's Inn Field every evening all the summer; bear and bull-baiting, and sometime prizes, at the Bear-Garden; shooting in the long-bow and stob-ball, in Tothill Fields; cudgel-playing, in several places in the country; and hurling, in Cornwall.

* LONDON:—See the East India House, and their magazines; the Custom-House; the Thames, by water, from

London Bridge to Deptford; and the King's Yard at Deptford; the sawing windmill; Tradescant's garden and closet; Sir James Morland's closet and water-works; the iron mills at Wandsworth, four miles above London, upon the Thames; or rather those in Sussex; Paradise by Hutton Garden; the glass-house at the Savoy, and at Vauxhall. Eat fish in Fish-street, especially lobsters, Colchester oysters, and a fresh cod's-head. The veal and beef are excellent good in London; the mutton better in several counties in England. A venison pasty and a chine of beef are good every where; and so are crammed capons and fat chickens. Railes and heath-polts, ruffs, and reeves, are excellent meat wherever they can be met with. Puddings of several sorts, and creams of several fashions, both excellent, but they are seldom to be found, at least in their perfection, at common eating-houses. Mango and saio are two sorts of sauces brought from the East Indies. Bermuda oranges and potatoes, both exceeding good in their kind. Cheddar and Cheshire cheese.

* Men excellent in their Arts.

* Mr. Cox, in Long Acre, for all sorts of diopical glasses.

* Mr. Opheel, near the Savoy, for all sorts of machines. * Mr. —, for a new invention he has, and teaches to copy all sorts of pictures, plans, or to take prospects of places.

* The King's gunsmith, at the Yard by Whitehall.

* Mr. Not, in the Pall-Mall, for binding of books.

* The Fire-eater.

* At an ironmonger's near the May-pole, in the Strand, is to be found a great variety of iron instruments, and utensils of all kinds.

* At Bristol see the Hot-well; St. George's Cave, where the Bristol diamonds are found; Ratcliff Church; and at Kingwood the coal-pits. Taste there Milford oysters, marrow-puddings, cock-ale, metheglin, white and red muggets, elvers, sherry, sack, (which, with sugar, is called Bristol milk;) and some other wines, which, perhaps, you will not drink so good at London.

* At Gloucester observe the whispering place in the cathedral.

* At Oxford see all the colleges, and their libraries; the schools, and public library; and the physic-garden. Buy there knives and gloves, especially white kid-skin; and the cuts of all the colleges graven by Loggins.

* If you go into the north, see the Peak in Derbyshire, described by Hobbs, in a Latin poem, called "Mirabilia Pecci."

* Home-made drinks of England are beer and ale, strong and small; those of most note, that are to be sold, are Lambeth ale, Margaret ale, and Derby ale; Herefordshire cider, perry, mede. There are also several sorts of compounded ales, as cock-ale, wormwood-ale, lemon-ale, scurvygrass-ale, college-ale, &c. These are to be had at Hercules Pillars, near the Temple; at the Trumpet, and other houses in Sheer Lane, Bell Alley; and, as I remember, at the English Tavern, near Charing Cross.

* Foreign drinks to be found in England are all sorts of Spanish, Greek, Italian, Rhenish, and other wines, which are to be got up and down at several taverns. Coffé, thé, and chocolate, at coffee-houses. Mum at the mum houses, and other places; and Molly, a drink of Barbadoes, by chance at some Barbadoes merchants. Punch, a compounded drink, on board some West India ships; and Turkish sherbet amongst the merchants.

* Manufactures of cloth, that will keep out rain; flanel, knives, locks, and keys; scabbards for swords; several things wrought in steel, as little boxes, heads for canes, boots, riding-whips, Rippon spurs, saddles, &c.

* At Nottingham dwells a man who makes fans, handbands, necklaces, and other things of glass, drawn out into very small threads.—Pp. 133—136.

After the narrative of Locke's deprivation, we find some extracts from the journal kept by him in Holland. To these succeed a few letters, and then an account of some of his works, chiefly extracted from Dugald Stewart. We next find two long letters from Lord Ashley, afterwards the excellent and philosophic Shaftesbury; and these we are inclined to hold as among the most valuable in the book; but, unhappily, it would be almost useless to submit them to the general reader without a more extended commentary than we have space to give. The statement

made by Lord King as to the controversy between Locke and Stillingfleet, is quite inadequate, both as to extent and comprehensiveness: a just account of the grounds assumed by the two antagonists, and the deduction of the controversy to our own day, (for so long has it been maintained by successive opponents,) would be one of the most valuable books that could be written. After some miscellaneous matter, several letters of Newton are published; they chiefly relate to his theological views; but from one of them it appears that Locke believed in the possibility of multiplying metals, which Newton, as might be expected, discredited, though by no means so decidedly as any educated person would at present. The letters from Lord Somers are not very remarkable; but several from Lord Peterborough are full of talent, and we should like, if we had sufficient room, to amuse our readers by one or two of them. There is a good prospect, however, that the whole life and character of this extraordinary man will soon be given to the world by the fittest of all living biographers. A letter from Locke himself to a Mr. Cudworth is curious, as it contains many inquiries as to the state of India, and shows that amid declining years and broken health he was eager as ever for knowledge, even on subjects apparently the most remote. A considerable number of letters to his relative, Mr. King, (afterwards Lord Chancellor,) are published in the volume, and are admirable for the good sense, knowledge of the world, and kindness, which display themselves in every line.

Of the extracts from his common-place book and miscellaneous papers, we shall say nothing but that they perfectly sustain his character for acute and honest speculation, though they add but little to our knowledge of the man, or of his opinions. No advantageous examination of them could be made without a wide and difficult comparison of all his published writings, such as would be totally unfit for the extent and nature of this journal. We will conclude with the quotation of one of his letters, which gives us his judgment as to the ability of one of his English contemporaries, (make what abatement from his fame you will,) who was of larger and more vigorous mind than himself:

‘DEAR COUSIN, Oates, April 30, 1703.

‘I am puzzled in a little affair, and must beg your assistance for the clearing of it. Mr. Newton, in Autumn last, made me a visit here; I showed him my Essay upon the Corinthians, with which he seemed very well pleased, but had not time to look it all over, but promised me if I would send it him, he would carefully peruse it, and send me his observations and opinion. I sent it him before Christmas, but hearing nothing from him, I, about a month or six weeks since, writ to him, as the enclosed tells you, with the remaining part of the story. When you have read it, and sealed it, I desire you to deliver it at your convenience. He lives in German St.: you must not go on a Wednesday, for that is his day for being at the Tower. The reason why I desire you to deliver it to him yourself is, that I would fain discover the reason of his so long silence. I have several reasons to think him truly my friend, but he is a nice man to deal with, and a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground; therefore, when you talk to him of my papers, and of his opinion of them, pray do it with all the tenderness in the world, and discover, if you can, why he kept them so long, and was so silent. But this you must do without asking why he did so, or discovering in the least that you are desirous to know. You will do well to acquaint him, that you intend to see me at Whitsuntide, and shall be glad to bring a letter to me from him, or any thing else he will please to send; this perhaps may quicken him, and make him despatch these papers if he has not done it already. It may a little let you into the freer discourse with him, if you let him know that when you have been here with me, you have seen me busy on them (and the Romans too, if he mentions them, for I told him I was upon them when he was here) and have had a sight of some part of what I was doing.

‘Mr. Newton is really a very valuable man, not only for his wonderful skill in mathematics, but in divinity too, and his great knowledge in the Scriptures, wherein I know few his equals. And therefore pray manage the

whole matter so as not only to preserve me in his good opinion, but to increase me in it, and be sure to press him to nothing, but what he is forward in himself to do. In your last, you seemed desirous of my coming to town; I have many reasons to desire to be there, but I doubt whether ever I shall see it again. Take not this for a splenic thought: I thank God I have no melancholy on that account, but I cannot but feel what I feel; my shortness of breath is so far from being relieved by the renewing season of the year as it used to be, that it sensibly increases upon me. ‘Twas not therefore in a fit of dispiritedness, or to prevail with you to let me see you, that in my former I mentioned the shortness of the time I thought I had in this world. I spoke it then, and repeat it now upon sober and sedate consideration. I have several things to talk to you of, and some of present concernment to yourself, and I know not whether this may not be my last time of seeing you. I shall not die the sooner for having cast up reckoning, and judging as impartially of my state as I can. I hope I shall not live one jot the less cheerfully the time that I am here, nor neglect any of the offices of life whilst I have it; for whether it be a month, or a year, or seven years longer, the longest any one out of kindness or compliment can propose to me, is so near nothing when considered, and in respect of eternity, that if the sight of death can put an end to the comforts of life, it is always near enough, especially to one of my age, to have no satisfaction in living.

‘I am your affectionate cousin,
‘And humble servant, J. L.’

TRAVELS TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Travels to and from Constantinople in the years 1827 and 1828, or Personal Narrative of a Journey from Vienna through Hungary, &c. to Constantinople, and from that City to the Capital of Austria, by the Dardanelles, &c. by Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn, London.

SOME half-dozen years since, we had the honour of being succeeded as inmates of a miserable hovel, graced with the pompous name of ‘Lazzeretto of Syracuse,’ by a frank and hearty Englishman, of whom we subsequently heard the following anecdote. About six years (more or less) previous to the period of which we were speaking, Mr. M—— felt a strong desire to become a settled man, and having wherewithal to make a life in town comfortable, he engaged a proper dwelling in a suitable quarter of the capital, and furnished it in a style of splendour becoming his affluence. The upholsterers out, friends were let in, and a merry house-warming took place. Among the guests was a gentleman who was about to depart the following evening for Paris. Mr. M——, who felt that a little change and relaxation after the worry and annoyances of repairing, painting, and furnishing, would be beneficial, volunteered to accompany his friend as far as Calais. It was but the jaunt of a few hours, and three or four days would witness his return. The silk inexpressibles and half-dozen shirts, accordingly soon found their place in the valise; and the twenty-fourth hour after the workmen had dragged their reluctant heels over the threshold of Mr. M——’s new domicile, saw the master himself on board the Calais steam-packet, at the Tower-stairs. Once on the other side of the channel, our jovial friend had too much of the social spirit to allow his companion to go alone from Calais. The new furniture would not spoil in a week, and now that foot had been set in the land of Monsieur, it would at any rate be as well to see Paris and the Palais Royal. To be brief, the Calais trip of our worthy countryman had not seen its termination when we fell in with him in the ancient Ortigia. That was in the year 1823: he was then on his return a second time from Alexandria. Six years more have now elapsed, nor have the damask chairs been yet uncovered. We have more than once had occasion to make inquiries for our friend; he was still wandering, nor had we long lost sight of him, when opening the new book of Captain Frankland, with an early copy of which we

have just been favoured in time for a notice, but not for a review, in this week’s ‘Athenæum,’ we find him the same affable, cordial person as ever—locked in the familiar hug of a Capuchin friar, a recluse in the vicinity of Mount Lebanon, the acquaintance of a former visit to the convent of Solima:

For the sake of this fellow-traveller who had accompanied Captain Frankland thus far, we will give the latter whatever advantage may ensue from an early notice of his travels. We will deviate for once from the rule which we prescribe to ourselves, and furnish our readers with a sample of the contents of his journal before we have had the opportunity of giving the book a thorough perusal.

We alight on a somewhat diverting picture of petty vexations to which the eastern traveller is but too often subjected. Captain Frankland has spent a day at Baalbeck, and is desirous of proceeding on his journey to Damascus:

‘I arose before the dawn, to urge the preparations for departure; but, to my no small astonishment, found that my muleteer had decamped, after having induced Giacomo to pay his wages up to last night. I now found the evil consequences of paying Arabs beforehand. He had however forgotten to take with him his mules and his musket; these I therefore instantly seized upon, resolving *en dernier lieu*, to proceed on to Damascus without him. I despatched Giacomo in search of him, who returned with a message from him, saying that he had made a better bargain to go on to Zahle, a Christian town at the eastern foot of Mount Lebanon, from whence he could carry dried grapes, and figs, and corn, back to his native village, Buckfaya, and that he was afraid to go on to Damascus, dreading ill usage in that city. The fact was he wanted to force me to increase his wages, by leaving me, as he thought, destitute of the means of continuing my journey.

‘I now sent for the Cogia Basha, the only magistrate in the place, and told him how I was situated, and that by agreement made at Buckfaya, I had a right to take the mules on to Damascus, should I desire to do so; that all I required at his hands was justice, for which I hinted I was both willing and able to pay; and concluded by saying, that if he did not choose to force the muleteer to perform his contract, I should proceed on my journey without waiting for him; and in the event of my passage being opposed, that I was resolved to shoot both the mules, as the only means left in my hands of punishing the muleteer for his treachery.

‘The Cogia Bashi said that I had reason on my side, and despatched some of his myrmidons to look for the delinquent, who was hidden somewhere in the town. We waited very patiently for him a long while; and as he did not make his appearance, the Cogia Bashi told me I was at liberty to depart without him, and that he would send some of his people with me to protect me, and bring the mules back from Damascus. I was upon the point of starting, when the muleteer arrived, accompanied by a great many others of his profession, Christians of Zahle, a very fierce and powerful tribe of Arabs; these men were all armed, and seemed resolved to screen the muleteer from punishment.

‘The Cogia Bashi was overawed, but still said that he would do justice; and proceeded to open his court upon the flat roof of a house near which we were standing. The Metoali grouped themselves on one side, and the Christians of Zahle on the other side of the Cogia Bashi. I sat down a little in front of them all, backed by the Greeks of the town, having Giacomo, as my dragoman, on my right hand, on his feet, and Ponto on my left.

‘I now, through my interpreter, repeated all that I had before said to the Cogia Bashi, and insisted that the muleteer should be well bastinadoed for his breach of agreement, which punishment, I said, I would certainly inflict upon him with my own hands, should the Cogia Bashi suffer himself to be deterred from doing his duty, by the friends of the muleteer, who, I doubted not, were all as great rogues as himself.

‘The Cogia asked the culprit what he had to say in his defence; and upon receiving no answer, gave a nod to some of his people, who moved forward to seize the muleteer. The Christians of Zahle interposed to save him, and the Metoali retired; upon seeing this, I ran

into the centre of the group and seized him by the arm, calling upon Giacomo to assist me in dragging him away. The men of Zahle again interposed to save their fellow mule-driver, and I was compelled to relinquish my grasp.

"We all sat down again as tranquilly as if nothing had happened; and it appeared to me, that I should obtain no justice at the hands of the Cogia Basha, who was evidently afraid to execute the law. I endeavoured again to rouse his spirit, by an appeal to his avarice, and greatly vaunted to him the justice and magnanimity of the Turkish magistrates in general;—all was in vain, and I was proceeding to mount the mules, and to set off in spite of all obstacles, when a Metoali offered to supply me with horses at a cheaper rate than I was paying for the mules.

"This was too advantageous an offer to be refused, and I eagerly accepted it, as it seemed to be the only means of compromising the business with honour to myself. The mules were therefore unloaded, and the muleteer suffered to depart with a whole skin. He, however, had been heartily frightened, and perhaps abundantly punished by the anxiety he must have felt, while under the dread of the bastinado.

"All being now seemingly arranged, the crowd gathered around me, and began to examine my arms, and every article of my equipment; they were more particularly struck with my English pistols, but could not be induced to believe that they would carry far. To gratify their curiosity, I fired one at a black mark upon a wall at some distance, and was lucky enough to strike it. The pistols were rifles, of which description of arm the Turks have no notion. They seemed all very much surprised and delighted.

"One of the Greeks, a fine athletic fellow, armed up to the teeth, came forward and said, that the English were the only people in the world capable of making such weapons; and asked, when England would do something for the Greeks of Syria, as she was doing for those of the Morea.

"I was surprised at his boldness in asking such a question among so many Mussulmans, and did not at first make him any reply; but he, observing my caution, bade me not be afraid; he said that the Greek and Arab Christians in Baalbeck were more than a match for the Metoali, who were indeed themselves as anxious for a change in the order of things as the Christians. I then told him that it depended entirely upon themselves, and upon their own good and courageous conduct, when the sympathies of Englishmen should be attracted towards the cause of the suffering Christians of Syria; but that if they really desired an improvement in their political state, they should depend upon their own exertions, and their own virtues, to obtain it for them, and not upon the aid of foreign arms, which perhaps might eventually be turned against themselves.

"I now returned to my quarters at the Greek curate's, awaiting the arrival of the promised horses; but after waiting some time, and seeing nothing of them, I sent Giacomo to find out the Metoali who had engaged to furnish them immediately. After some delay the Metoali came, but said that the horses were out at grass, and could not be caught up until the morrow, unless I would raise the price which we had agreed upon. His drift was very clear, and he made quite sure of obliging me to pay nearly double the agreement, knowing that the muleteer had set off for Zahle, and that I was totally unprovided with the means of getting forward.

"I was, however, resolved not to submit to any thing like imposition, foreseeing that should I once begin to show any symptoms of weakness, attempts of this sort would never end. I called the curate and several of the Greeks, to witness that I was willing to fulfil the agreement which had been made in sight of them all; but that I would not yield to such dishonest attempts upon my part; that I would rather remain at Baalbeck until the arrival of the first caravan, than allow myself to be imposed upon. That I had frequently heard of the bad character of the inhabitants of Baalbeck, and that however unwilling I might have been to place faith in such general reports, I was now too fully convinced of their being as bad as they were represented to be, and that their conduct to an unprotected stranger was unworthy of any but a set of robbers and ruffians. I then called for

water, and washed the dust of Baalbeck off my hands and feet, in sight of the multitude, showing them the abhorrence and contempt with which I viewed their proceedings towards me.

"The curate now began to take my part, observing that I had spoken "true words," and that the Greeks felt as I did, and would see me righted. Upon this, an immense fracas between the armed ruffians took place in the court-yard; the Greeks all insisting upon my side, and the Metoali against me. Had I not known the nature of Oriental squabbles, I should have anticipated bloodshed; the flashing eyes, wagging beards, uplifted hands, and drawn handjars, all giving apparent indication of such a denouement. After a great deal of shouting, stamping, foaming, and spitting, the mob grew quieter, and all subsided into a calm; each individual sitting down upon the ground as if nothing had occurred. I was reclining meanwhile upon my carpet, watching the event, my man Giacomo looking very pale and uneasy at the storm which had so suddenly gathered around us. The Greek curate at length came to me, and informed me that the Metoali had been obliged, by the Cogia Bashi, to fulfil his agreement, and that I might expect the horses in a short time.

"At fifteen minutes past ten, the cattle came, and I own that I did feel considerable delight in getting into my saddle, and taking leave of such a set of Philistines as these said Baalbeckians, unhurt in person or purse. I made, of course, a trifling present to the curate and the Cogia Bashi, both of whom seemed delighted with my generosity; indeed, to the honour of the curate be it spoken, I had some difficulty in persuading him to accept my gift, and even at last, it was only under the pretext of his distributing it in alms to the poor of his communion, that he would receive it. I saw no more of the Emir's people, nor did I hear another syllable about the present which he usually expects."—Pp. 73 to 83.

The horses, however, were after all but a bad exchange for the mules, since they proved miserable hacks. We may leave them for the present, therefore, in the certainty of being able to overtake them when we please. We purpose in a very short time to put their metal to the proof.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. Vol. 3. 8vo. Colburn, 1829.

THIS is the third volume of a work, of which the earlier ones appeared a few months ago. The book contains a good deal of tediousness and some folly. But mingled with this we have found some original anecdotes, and a more detailed account of an interesting and celebrated woman than ever before existed. The present volume consists almost entirely of letters, some of which are curious, but the majority insipid and worthless. We extract a letter from Josephine to Napoleon, which seems to prove that he was nearly as susceptible of jealousy as of ambition.

"Is it possible, general, that the letter I have just received comes from you? I can scarcely credit it when I compare that letter with others now before me, to which your love imparts so many charms! My eyes, indeed, would persuade me that your hand traced these lines; but my heart refuses to believe that a letter from you could ever have caused the mortal anguish I experience on perusing these expressions of your displeasure, which afflict me the more when I consider how much pain they must have cost you.

"I know not what I have done to provoke some malignant enemy to destroy my peace by disturbing your's; but certainly a powerful motive must influence some one in continually renewing calumnies against me and giving them a sufficient appearance of probability to impose on the man who has hitherto judged me worthy of his affection and confidence. These two sentiments are necessary to my happiness, and if they are to be so soon withdrawn from me, I can only regret that I was ever blest in possessing them or knowing you.

"On my first acquaintance with you, the affliction with which I was overwhelmed led me to believe that my heart must ever remain a stranger to any sentiment resembling

love. The sanguinary scenes of which I had been a witness and a victim constantly haunted my thoughts. I therefore apprehended no danger to myself from the frequent enjoyment of your society, still less did I imagine that I could for a single moment have fixed your choice.

"I, like every one else, admired your talents and acquisitions; and better than any one else, I foresaw your future glory; but still I loved you only for the services you rendered to my country. Why did you seek to convert admiration into a more tender sentiment by availing yourself of all those powers of pleasing with which you are so eminently gifted, since, so shortly after having united your destiny with mine, you regret the felicity you have conferred upon me?

"Do you think I can ever forget the love you once cherished for me? Can I ever become indifferent to the man who has blest me with the most enthusiastic and ardent passion? Can I ever efface from my memory your paternal affection for Hortense, the advice and example you have set before Eugene? If all this appears impossible, how can you for a moment suspect me of bestowing a thought on any but yourself?

"Instead of listening to traducers who, for reasons which I cannot explain, seek to disturb our happiness, why do you not silence them by enumerating the benefits you have bestowed on a woman whose heart could never be reproached with ingratitude? The knowledge of what you have done for my children would check the malignity of these calumniators, for they would then see that the strongest link of my attachment for you depends on my character as a mother. Your subsequent conduct, which has claimed the admiration of all Europe, could have no other effect than to make me adore the husband who gave me his hand when I was poor and unfortunate. Every step you take adds to the glory of the name I bear: yet this is the moment that has been selected for persuading you that I no longer love you! Surely nothing can be more wicked and absurd than the conduct of those who are about you, and are jealous of your marked superiority!

"Yes, I still love you, and no less tenderly than ever. Those who allege the contrary, know that they speak falsely. To those very persons I have frequently written to inquire about you and to recommend them to console you by their friendship, for the absence of her who is your best and truest friend.

"Yet, what has been the conduct of the men in whom you repose confidence and on whose testimony you form so unjust an opinion of me? They conceal from you every circumstance calculated to alleviate the anguish of our separation, and they seek to fill your mind with suspicion in order to drive you from a country with which they are dissatisfied. Their object is to make you unhappy. I see this plainly; though you are blind to their perfidious intentions. Being no longer their equal you have become their enemy, and every one of your victories is a fresh ground of envy and hatred.

"I know their intrigues, and I disdain to avenge myself by naming the men whom I despise, but whose valour and talents may be useful to you in the great enterprise which you have so propitiously commenced. When you return I will unmask these enemies of your glory—but no; the happiness of seeing you again will banish from my recollection the misery they are endeavouring to inflict upon me, and I shall think only of what they have done to promote the success of your projects.

"I acknowledge that I see a great deal of company; for every one is eager to compliment me on your success, and I confess I have not resolution to close my doors against those who speak of you. I also confess that a great portion of my visitors are gentlemen. Men understand your bold projects better than women, and they speak with enthusiasm of your glorious achievements, while my female friends only complain of you for having carried away their husbands, brothers, or fathers. I take no pleasure in their society if they do not praise you; yet there are some among them whose hearts and understandings claim my highest regard, because they entertain sincere friendship for you. In this number I may distinguish Mesdames d'Aiguillon, Tallien, and my aunt. They are almost constantly with me, and they can tell you, ungratefully as you are, whether I have been cognate

ting with every body. These are your words, and they would be hateful to me were I not certain that you have disavowed them and are sorry for having written them.

"I am terrified at the numerous perils which surround you, and of the extent of which I should have had no idea, had not Eugene insisted on my writing to entreat that you will not fly in the face of danger and unnecessarily expose a life which is precious not merely to your family and friends. Remember, that on you depends the destiny of your companions in arms and of millions of soldiers who would not have fortitude to endure the hardships to which they are exposed, but for the encouragement which your presence affords them.

"Do not, I conjure you, over exert your strength. Listen not to the dictates of your own ever-active mind, but to the advice of those who love you. Berthier, Bourienne, Eugene, and Caffarelli, who are more cool than you, may sometimes view things more justly. They are devoted to you, therefore, listen to them; but to them only, and you and I shall be happy.

"I sometimes receive honours here which cause me no small degree of embarrassment. I am not accustomed to this sort of homage, and I see it is displeasing to our authorities, who are always suspicious and fearful of losing their newly-gotten power. Never mind them, you will say; and I should not, but that I know they will try to injure you, and I cannot endure the thought of contributing in any way to those feelings of enmity which your triumphs sufficiently account for. If they are envious now, what will they be when you return crowned with fresh laurels? Heaven knows to what lengths their malignity will then carry them! But you will be here, and then nothing can vex me.

"But I will say no more of them nor of your suspicions, which I do not refute one by one because they are all equally devoid of probability; and to make amends for the unpleasant commencement of this letter, I will tell you something which I know will please you.

"Hortense, in her efforts to console me, endeavours as far as possible to conceal her anxiety for you and her brother, and she exerts all her ingenuity to banish that melancholy, the existence of which you doubt, but which I assure you, never forsakes me. If by her lively conversation and interesting talents, she sometimes succeeds in drawing a smile from me, she joyfully exclaims: 'Dear mamma, that will be known at Cairo.' The fatal word immediately calls to my mind the distance which separates me from you and my son, and restores the melancholy which it was intended to divert. I am obliged to make great efforts to conceal my grief from my daughter, who, by a word or a look, transports me to the very place which she would wish to banish from my thoughts.

"Hortense's figure is daily becoming more and more graceful. She dresses with great taste, and though not quite so handsome as your sisters, she may certainly be thought agreeable, when even they are present.

"My good aunt passes her life in suffering without complaining, consoling the distressed, speaking of you, and writing poetry. For my part, my time is occupied in writing to you, hearing your praises, reading the journals, in which your name appears in every page; thinking of you, looking forward to the time when I may see you hourly, complaining of your absence, and longing for your return; and when my task is ended I begin it over again. Are all these proofs of indifference? You will never have any others from me, and if I receive no worse from you, I shall have no great reason to complain, in spite of the ill-natured stories I hear about a certain lady, in whom you are said to take a lively interest. But why should I doubt you? You assure me that you love me, and judging of your heart by my own, I believe you.

"Heaven knows when or where you will receive this letter. May it restore you to that confidence which you ought never to have lost, and convince you more than ever, that as long as I live I shall love you as dearly as I did on the day of our separation. Adieu—believe me—love me, and receive a thousand kisses."

THE UNITED STATES.

Travels in North America in the years 1827 and 1828.
By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy. 3 vols.
8vo. Cadell, Edinburgh.

WE sincerely rejoice, that after the crowds of ignorant and trifling people who have lately travelled in the United States, and published their observations, a man of talent, knowledge, and reflection has at last paid a visit to that remarkable country, and spoken out for the instruction of Europe. We have not space in our present number to speak as we should wish of Captain Hall's labours; but we can at least furnish a sample of his manner.

"At present I mean to speak only of New York, which is the most populous, wealthy, and, in many respects, the most important of the whole. This state had recently adopted a new constitution—remodelled from that adopted in 1777,—and it came into operation on the 1st of January, 1823. By this instrument, the legislative power is vested in a Senate and House of Assembly; the Senate, consisting of thirty-two members, who must be freeholders, chosen for four years; and the House of Assembly, consisting of one hundred and twenty-eight members, who are elected annually by the whole people of the state, the right of suffrage being universal."

"I was extremely curious to see how a legislature formed on such principles would proceed, and I visited the capitol with the truest wish to be well pleased with all I saw and heard. The hall of the House of Assembly was not unlike the interior of a church; with a gallery for strangers, looking down upon a series of seats and writing-desks, ranged on the floor in concentric semicircles, the Speaker's chair being at the centre, and over his head, of course, the large well-known picture of General Washington, with his hand stretched out, in the same unvaried attitude in which we had already seen him represented in many hundreds, I might say thousands, of places, from the capitol at Albany to the embellishments on the coarsest blue china plate in the country. Each member of the house was placed in a seat numbered and assigned to him by lot on the first day of the session.

"After prayers had been said, and a certain portion of the ordinary formal business gone through, the regular proceedings were commenced by a consideration of the fourth chapter of the Revised Laws. It appeared that a joint committee of the two houses had been appointed to attend to this subject, and to report the result of their deliberations. The gentlemen nominated had no trifling task to perform, as I became sensible upon a farther acquaintance with the subject. All the existing laws of the state, which were very voluminous, were to be compared and adjusted so as to be consistent with one another; after which, the result was printed and laid before the legislature;—so that each chapter, section, and clause might be discussed separately, when, of course, the members of the Committee of Revision had to explain their proceedings.

"Some of the chapters were so completely matters of form, and related to topics upon which no particular interest was felt, that they passed without any opposition. Others, again, which it was supposed would cause no discussion, proved sources of long debate. On the first day I attended, I was sorry to hear from an experienced friend, that in all probability there would be no discussion, as the chapter, No. IV., which related to "the rights of the citizens and inhabitants of the state," was one so perfectly familiar to every native, that it must pass without delay. When the third section, however, came to be read by the clerk, as follows, a subject was started which led the assembled legislators a fine round. "A well-regulated militia," said this clause, "being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms cannot be infringed." Upon this being read, a member rose, and objected to the article as illogical in itself; and even granting it were altered in this respect, it was totally needless, as the same clause was distinctly given, not only in the constitution of the United States, but in that of the state of New York; and, finally, it was quite out of place in the statute book. This appeared simple enough; but another member got up, and vehemently defended the revisers of the laws for having brought forward this chapter, and this particular

section; adding, that if ever the Americans relaxed in their exertions and reiterated declarations of what were their rights, their liberties would be in danger. A third gentleman followed, and declared himself so much of the opinion of the first speaker, that he should move, and accordingly he did move, that the whole chapter relating to the rights of the citizens, be rejected, as out of place. This led to a warm discussion by four or five members, none of whom spoke above a few minutes, excepting one gentleman, who addressed the House, now in "committee of the whole," as it is called, no less than five times, and always in so diffuse and inconsequential a style, that I could with difficulty comprehend how he had earned the reputation of a close reasoner, which I found him in possession of. He not only objected to the article alluded to, but, without the least pretence of adhering to the subject under discussion, or to anything analogous to it, read over, one by one, every article in the chapter, accompanying each with a long commentary in the most prosy and ill-digested style imaginable. During this excursion among the clouds, he referred frequently to the History of England, gave us an account of the manner in which Magna Charta was wrested from "that monster King John," and detailed the whole history of the Bill of Rights. In process of time, he brought his history down to the commencement of the American revolution, then to the period of the declaration of independence—the articles of confederation—and so on, till my patience, if not that of the House, was pretty well worn out by the difficulty of following these thread-bare commonplaces.

"The next member who spoke declared his ignorance of Latin, and his consequent inability to study Magna Charta—which, I presume, was a good joke—but thought that, if these occasional opportunities were lost of impressing upon the minds of the people a sense of their rights, their immediate descendants, who were not so familiar, of course, as they themselves were, with the history of their country, to say nothing of posterity, would gradually forget their own privileges; "and then," said he, "the Americans will cease to be the great, the happy, and the high-minded people they are at the present day!"

"At length a man of sense and habits of business got up, and instantly commanded the closest attention of the House. He had been one of the committee, he said, appointed to revise the laws, and as such had voted for the insertion of the particular clause, not from any great or immediate good which it was likely to produce, but simply because it was consistent with other parts of the American Government, and because it was suitable to the present genius of the people, to make these frequent references to their rights. "Here," he observed, "is a fair opportunity to enumerate some of these rights, and I trust the committee will see the propriety of embodying these few but important precepts in the revised code of laws which is to become the standard authority of the state."

"I imagined this clear explanation would put an end to the debate; but the same invincible speaker who had so frequently addressed them before, rose again, and I don't know when the discussion would have ended, had not the hand of the clock approached the hour of two, the time for dinner. A motion to rise and report progress was then cheerfully agreed to, and the House adjourned.

"I do not pretend to have done justice to this debate; in truth the arguments seemed to me so shallow, and were all so ambitiously, or rather wordily expressed, that I was frequently at a loss for some minutes to think what the orators really meant, or if they meant any thing. The whole discussion, indeed, struck me as being rather juvenile. The matter was in the highest degree commonplace, and the manner of treating it still more so. The speeches, accordingly, were full of set phrases and rhetorical flourishes about their "ancestors having come out of the contest full of glory, and covered with scars—and their ears ringing with the din of battle." This false taste, waste of time—conclusions in which nothing was concluded—splitting of straws, and ingeniously elaborate objections, all about any thing or nothing in the world, appeared to me to arise from the entire absence of those habits of public business, which can be acquired only by long-continued and exclusive practice.

"These gentlemen were described to me as being chiefly farmers, shopkeepers, and country lawyers, and other persons quite unaccustomed to abstract reasoning, and therefore apt to be led away by the sound of their own

voices, farther than their heads could follow. It is probable, too, that part of this wasteful, rambling kind of argumentation may be ascribed to the circumstance of most of the speakers being men, who, from not having made public business a regular profession or study, were ignorant of what had been done before—and had come to the legislature, straight from the plough—or from behind the counter—from chopping down trees—or from the bar, under the impression that they were at once to be converted into statesmen.

Such were my opinions at this early stage of the journey, and I never afterwards saw much occasion to alter them; indeed, the more I became acquainted with the practical operation of the democratical system, the more I became satisfied that the ends which it proposed to accomplish, could not be obtained by such means. By bringing into these popular assemblies men who—disguise it as they may—cannot but feel themselves ignorant of public business, an ascendancy is given to a few abler and more intriguing heads, which enables them to manage matters to suit their own purposes. And just as the members begin to get a slight degree of useful familiarity with the routine of affairs, a fresh election comes on, and out they all go; or at least a great majority go out, and thus, in each fresh legislature, there must be found a preponderance of unqualified, or, at all events, of ill-informed men, however patriotic or well-intentioned they may chance to be.

On the same distrustful principle, all men in office are jealously kept out of congress, and the state legislatures; which seems altogether the most ingenious device ever hit upon for excluding from the national councils, all those persons best fitted by their education, habits of business, knowledge, and advantageous situation of whatever sort, for performing efficiently the duties of statesmen: while, by the same device, the very best, because the most immediate and the most responsible sources of information are removed to a distance; and the men who possess the knowledge required for the purposes of deliberation are placed out of sight, and on their guard, instead of being always at hand, and liable to sudden scrutiny, face to face, with the representatives of the nation.' Pp. 29—37.

REAL PROPERTY REPORT.

First Report made to his Majesty by the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Law of England respecting Real Property, Inheritance, Dower, Curtesy, Fines, and Recoveries, Prescription, and Limitation of Actions. 8vo. pp. 114. Clarke, London, 1829.

If there be one circumstance more cheering than another for the future prospects of society, it is the suspicion which is awakening in every class, that the old boast about our national perfection is the mere dream of ignorance and conceit; and that though we have been blessed with the privilege of sitting at the feet of our ancestors, we have not imbibed from them—simply because it was not in their power to bestow upon us—the full measure of wisdom that is to fall to the lot of humanity. 'Duns in temps d'ignorance,' says Montesquieu, 'on n'a aucun doute,' and wrapped up in a state of contented ignorance, in which we never dreamed of doubting, we did not so much as conceive the possibility of imperfections in any part of our institutions; while knaves and bigots were not wanting, in the varying departments of our social relationship, to bind the bandage still closer around our eyes. But now, not the winter, but the spring time 'of our discontent draws nigh.' The frost under which our national energies had stagnated is unsealing,

'Solvitur aeris hiems gratâ vice veris et Favoni,' and in this moral thaw new channels of thought are bursting from their fountains, and all society displays the symptoms of life and activity. Responding to the public impulse, even dedicated classes have come forward, and applied themselves with zeal and honesty to the renovation of their respective departments; and we see symptoms of a day approaching in which we may hope to jostle honest men in the streets, instead of having to go about in search of them with lanterns.

The Report which stands at the head of our article is a creature of the times. Whether it be to a complete revolution of the whole system of our jurisprudence that we are ultimately to look for a substantial reform in the laws of real property, is a question on which much difference of opinion is entertained, and we do not now pause to canvass it. It can scarcely, however, be denied, even by the warmest advocates of the revolutionary process, that, in the mean time, until a new organization be adopted, much good may be done by working upon and ameliorating the old—by lopping off its redundancies, expunging its fictions, simplifying its modes of action, and for certain insulated rules and principles produced in the temper of a by-gone age and a different condition of society, substituting others more conformable to the spirit of our own. Thus speaking of the defectiveness of the modes now in use for the transfer of property, the commissioners say, in their Report,—

'This proceeds in a considerable degree from rules and maxims which once were suitable and rational, being maintained when the state of society and the modifications of property are changed. *** A long succession of upright and able judges have corrected many abuses, and introduced many improvements; yet their decisions have occasionally exhibited a strange vacillation between rigid adherence to technical forms and respect for the principles of enlightened jurisprudence. They have found themselves unable to break through principles purely arbitrary. Thus, although military tenures have long been abolished, the incidents of military tenure are still often referred to in judicial argument; and the manifest intention of the parties to a deed is at this day liable to be defeated, because the law supposes there must always be a tenant seized of the freehold to attend the lord's court, and to defend any real action that may be brought by an adverse claimant.'—P. 7.

It is to this *corrective* rather than to any *substitutional* system of reform that the commissioners have addressed themselves; and we think we may pronounce that in the execution of their task they have neither betrayed a disposition to shrink from the exposition of evils, nor the warp of professional prejudice to induce them to underrate their extent.

They state that they 'have proceeded to examine the existing state of the law of real property in this country, and to consider how far it may be corrected and improved in its two great divisions of *enjoyment* and *transfer*.'

Under 'enjoyment' they include those modifications which, whether for good or for evil, are rather the creatures of national taste and habit than of law, and fall less within the province of the lawyer, as such, than of the political philosopher: as, for instance, the restrictions upon the establishment of perpetuities, the limitations of entails, and the modifications of the testamentary power. Those are accordingly briefly dismissed with a sweeping tribute of praise, the justice of which it is not now our province to inquire, and it is to the latter alone 'the modes in which estates in real property are created, transferred, and secured,' that the attention of the commissioners is directed. On this, the present Report is but the first of a series, and indeed it is prefaced with the observation,—

'We feel we have as yet made but little progress in the wide field of investigation presented to us. The whole law of real property is so connected, that alterations to be recommended in one branch cannot be definitively arranged without an understanding as to the manner in which others are to be regulated; and if any legislative measures are to be founded on our suggestions, it may be expedient that they should all be brought forward at one time, as parts of a systematic reform.

'We trust, nevertheless, we shall not be thought to have exercised unwisely the discretion vested in us, by thus early stating to your Majesty the course we are pursuing and the opinions we have formed. On some important questions we have, after much deliberation, arrived at conclusions which we now venture to announce for the consideration of your Majesty. We conceive that it will be an advantage to us to act under the public eye;

and from the free discussion to which the Report of our proceedings will probably give rise, we anticipate much useful information and assistance in the further prosecution of our labours.'

The immediate subjects of the present Report are Inheritance, Dower, Curtesy, Fines, and Prescription and the Limitation of Actions. Each is prefaced with a sketch of the law relating to it, drawn up with so much perspicuity, that if it cannot, according to the old proverb, be read running, it may at least be understood with a reasonable portion of attention.

With respect to Inheritance, the two most important points to which the attention of the Commissioners has been drawn, are the exclusion of the ascending line, and of the half-blood.

In consequence of an idiotic maxim of law, founded upon feudal principles, whenever a proprietor dies, leaving lineal ancestors, however near, not only do more remote relations succeed to his property, in preference to these, but, in the absence of collateral relations, under no circumstance can they take at all. Thus, to use the language of the Report—

'An estate may pass to the younger brother of the father, and upon his death it may pass to the father as his heir; but rather than go at once to the father or the mother of the deceased proprietor, the law directs it to escheat, that is, to fall for want of an heir, to the lord of whom the land was holden; that is, in most cases, to the Crown.'

And again, in reference to the half-blood.—

'It has been laid down in the above statement, that collateral relations, in order to be let in to inherit, must be of the whole blood of the person from or through whom they are to derive their claim. Thus, a brother of the deceased proprietor by the same father, but a different mother, cannot inherit to the deceased proprietor, whether he took by purchase or descent. The estate will rather escheat; and the same is the case with an uncle, half-brother of the father, and so on. This rule, like that which excludes the lineal ancestor, has long been felt to rest on no sound principle, and to be hard in its operation.'—(p. 11).

Both rules, it is accordingly proposed to abolish; introducing in one instance, on failure of lineal descendants, the direct ascending line, in preference to collateral, and in the other, subject to a preference in favour of the half-blood, as between persons claiming through the same ancestor, destroying altogether the distinction between whole and half-blood.

It is pretty generally known that, under the present system, the wife is entitled to dower, out of all lands of which the husband was seized, for what is technically termed a legal estate of inheritance, at any period during the marriage. Upon equitable estates, however, or those in which the husband, instead of being invested with the legal seisin, is possessed only of the beneficial ownership, dower does not attach. But the Commissioners state that dower, instead of a substantial benefit to the wife, has in practice been only found an incumbrance on the transfer of property, and it is now almost the universal custom, on taking conveyances of estates, to have recourse to an artificial contrivance described in the Report as—

'A conveyance to uses, to bar dower which, while it confers the whole beneficial ownership, and an absolute dominion over the legal estate, prevents the legal estate so vesting in the purchaser as to make the property subject to the wife's dower.'—(p. 17).

Many inconveniences, however, have been found attendant upon this contrivance, and the title of dower itself, when the precaution has not been taken, giving birth to many more, it is proposed as a remedy, to abolish its existence, except upon property of which the husband may happen to die possessed, but to extend its attachment as well upon that of which the husband was entitled only to the equitable ownership, as to that of which he was seized of the legal estate. This will have the double advantage of abolishing an absurd distinction, and of removing an impediment to the transfer of property.

The law of curtesy, it may be as well to premise, is that which gives to the husband an estate for his life, in the real estates of his wife, in the event of his surviving, conditional on his having by perception of rent, or other similar act, obtained during the life of his wife, what the law terms 'a seisin in fact,' and upon there having been issue of the marriage. Both those conditions it is proposed to abolish, with a provision that the right by curtesy should be restricted to a moiety only of the estate when the wife may have died leaving issue of a former marriage inheritable to it.

But the most sweeping cleansing out of the great Augean is to be found under the head of 'Fines and Recoveries.'—After an admirable exposition of the manifold mischiefs and absurdities of these assurances, the Commissioners boldly recommend for their costly and cumbrous machinery, the substitution of a simple declaratory instrument.

We believe there are few branches of the law, the lopping of which would be attended with greater advantages; and most cordially do we agree with the Commissioners in the confidence with which they express their opinion—

'That the abolition of them would be highly beneficial to the owners of real property, while it would relieve both counsel and solicitors from much useless learning and responsibility.

'Several centuries,' says the Report, 'have passed since fines and recoveries were first used as common assurances. With some exceptions they seem to have been since looked upon with a sort of veneration by successive generations of lawyers, who, from their having formed part of their legal studies, and from the working of the machinery, having grown familiar [we might add profitable] to them, have become insensible to the consideration that their utility arises solely from the circumstance, that the law has provided no simple and direct means of effecting the important objects, in regard to real property, to which these processes have been, as it may be said, forcibly applied. So powerful is habit, that men are satisfied with the effect produced, and disregard the intricacy and the expense of the process, and the dangers to which it leads.'—(p. 31).

From the universal concurrence which seems to prevail upon the propriety of abolishing them, however, it appears that this veneration has now subsided; and we believe fines and recoveries will go to their long home without so much as one funeral dirge to show the respect of the lawyers to this remnant of our Protestant Constitution.

The last subject of Report—Prescription and the Limitation to Actions,—is one of considerable importance to every purchaser, and indeed to every possessor of property. At present no possession short of sixty years is capable of conferring an absolute title to lands, and in those in which there are interests created to take effect upon the termination of a previous estate tail, so long as there remain issue inheritable under that entail, unless the entail itself have been destroyed, no period, however long, will bar those interests, and the right to them may accordingly remain in existence for centuries. The consequence is, that in purchases of land, not only has the title in every instance to be investigated for full sixty years back, but, if there be any reason to suspect that there have been, though at a remote period, interests created to take effect upon the termination of an estate tail, the title has to be carried back for a much more remote period to ascertain the reality of their existence. It is obvious that this examination cannot be conducted without prodigious cost and trouble, and the difficulties of carrying it to a successful termination often prevent the sale of the property. Yet does the occasion for all this exist to no purpose, or a bad one; for either the object is to secure protection against individuals, who, in their ignorance of their rights, are as likely to lay claim to the empire of China as to the property in question; or else it is impolitic, after a long continuance of enjoyment, to allow men to be disturbed in their possessions by those whose neglect has operated as a sort of tacit confirmation of title, or to whom, in the balance of pains and pleasures, the gain would not weigh a

feather in comparison with the loss to be sustained by the other party. Nor is this all:

'The statutes,' say the Commissioners, 'which have been passed to create or vary the periods of limitation, have had no regard to uniformity or consistency, and have laid down rules which do not depend upon the nature of the right to be acquired or defended, but upon a number of technical distinctions, with reference to which a confused and unprofitable variety of remedies is afforded to the claimant.'—P. 39.

To obviate these evils, with exceptions for one or two special emergencies, which we have not space to allude to, the Commissioners propose substituting one remedy, and one period of limitation, for the present heterogeneous jumble of times and actions; and with certain provisions for disabilities, with cases of fraud and trust, they propose twenty years to be the universal period of limitation.

Prescriptive rights to profits and easements to be taken and enjoyed over the soil of another, present still greater difficulties in dealing with them than other species of property, for the title to these can only be established by either proof, or presumption taken as a substitute for proof, of an adverse enjoyment from so remote a period as the coronation of King Richard I. To date the period of prescription from the time of Noah's coming out of his ark would be scarcely more absurd; and the Commissioners propose substituting 'for this time,' as it is called, 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' the more rational legal memory of sixty years.

The Report ends with allusions to subjects of future inquiry, and the formal draughts of the propositions on the subjects of this.

The specimen which the Commissioners have thus given of their labours, entitles them to the confidence of the public; and we trust no evil genius will arise to turn this Report into what it has been too often the fate of many good reports on the subject of law and other reform to become—'*vox et preterea nihil.*'

THE BRUNSWICK.

The Brunswick, a Poem. In Three Cantos.

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen."—Dryden.

8vo. pp. 108. Marsh. London, 1829.

THIS is not as we feared a poem or a denunciation concerning his Majesty's Protestant rebels in Ireland. It relates to a matter now well-nigh forgotten; and is so clever that we wish its author had treated a subject of more stirring interest. The great fault of the poem is, that it adds nothing (but more careful execution) to a style created by Byron, and sustained by him with as much talent as is likely ever to be employed in a similar fashion. The sudden change from groans and agony to mocking laughter, the easy verse, the rapid picturesque, and often grotesque delineation, the odd startling rhymes, the satire, and the eloquence, the very form of the stanza, all are here as they are in *Don Juan*. And we really know not that any Englishman alive can write more fluent and sparkling verses than those before us. The author, however, would do more wisely if he would abstain in future from direct and continued imitation of eminent men: he is clever enough to stand alone; and will never gain more than a fifth rate reputation by leaning on another man's fame. That the style he has chosen is fundamentally vicious we imagine he already knows; and has deliberately made his election. And we presume there can be little hope of persuading the public that its liking for *Don Juan* is as erroneous in criticism as in ethics. We will therefore do no more than make an extract which we think will satisfy our readers on the point which the author, we suppose, was chiefly anxious to establish, namely that he is a very clever fellow.

The nominal subject of the three cantos, is the fall of the Brunswick Theatre:

'In life, as in our voyages there seems,
One mighty moment when the truth comes o'er us;
In life 'tis when the sweet home-sheltered dreams
Of youth subside, and the world stands before us,

The great, bold, busy world, with all its schemes:—

At sea, 'tis when we leave the wave which bore us
All gently near the shore with tranquil motion,
And feel the vast and undeniable ocean.

'Some early rush into life's ocean—some
Bid later farewell to domestic joys:
But soon or late the hour is sure to come,
Which all our early bloom of heart destroys.
Me ling'ring long in the sweet lap of home
Fancy and Hope long cheated with their voice;
Long kept me stranger to the sick'ning strife,
And all the cold realities of life.

'But ah! full sure, the disenchanted came,
And all at once the fairy vision broke;
Hush'd was the voice of hope, the dream of fame,
And bright romance was shiver'd at the stroke;
The sounds I hear around me are the same,
But where the charm in every voice that spoke?
Gone, gone for ever with the light which shone
Within my breast—the charm was there alone.

'What was my heart before?—a joyous dwelling,
Whose chambers echoed to a sparkling throng,
Where infant Hope his hundred tales was telling,
While all the passions listened to his song;
Where music on voluptuous gale was swelling,
And life in one bright stream was borne along;
Fancy was there, and Love his garlands wreathing,
And all the flow'rs of life their sweets were breathing.

'Behold it after—many a dreary token
Is scatter'd o'er the halls where gladness rung,
Gay garlands wither'd, and proud arches broken,
And high-toned instruments of joy unstrung;
And many a wish that was in rapture spoken
Hath died away with thoughts no longer young;
While tort'ring memory, like a gloomy ghost,
Yet lingers there, and murmurs, "All is lost!"

'And then we rush into the great gay world,
New-modelling our notions with our state,
The flag of mental freedom is unfurl'd,
And dipp'd in colours of our future fate,
And old opinions from their thrones are hurl'd,
Where they have lain for ages like old plate;
We melt them down, we mould them to our use,
Strong as our feelings, various as our views.

As on we march, the world a thousand ways
Turns from the truth our wayward wand'ring view;
But most the giant Prejudice o'ersways;
With antique garb of many colour'd hue,
Time-rusted sceptre, eye that shuns the gaze,
And specious voice, he lulls his hapless crew,
Who mean their vows for Truth, nor deem them paid
To such foul monster in her guise array'd.

Some Interest guides—some Passion goads along—
Some Pleasure leads in her alluring train—
Some Custom urges with a force as strong:—
These rule the blindfold world, and give to men
Opinions various, violent, and wrong;
Which brings me to my subject back again;
The diff'rent views of people to relate,
About our Theatre's untimely fate.

The largest class in all the King's dominions
Are those who have no notions of their own,
But having fish'd for orthodox opinions,
Adopt them with a grave and solemn tone;
Antiquity's admirers, custom's minions,
Who always are for letting things alone—
These thought, good souls! 'twas providential quite,
That the thing fell by day, and not by night.

'Tis providential when your banker fails,
If you have only half your fortune there;
Among your cattle when the rot prevails,
'Tis providential if it any spare;
'Tis providential, whatsoever ails,
It is not something worse, and I dare swear
'Tis providential when

There happen'd some most wonderful escapes
Upon the morning when the Brunswick fell.
Some call'd it mere good luck in various shapes;
But it's more orthodox, and quite as well

To call it providential—I, perhaps,

May name a few, but should I try to tell
Each case of providential interference,
Before I finish'd it would be a year hence.

One hen-peck'd gentleman had set his mind
On going there quite early, but his wife
Most providentially was disinclin'd

To hurry, so detain'd her dearest life,
Who, as is usual in such case, repin'd,
Grumbled and then gave way after short strife,
And reach'd the Brunswick, sorely vex'd and bother'd,
Just too late by ten minutes to be smother'd.

Another would have shar'd the gen'ral crunch,
But providentially drank over-night

A monstrous quantity of whiskey-punch,
And waking in the morn bewilder'd quite,
Incapable of breakfast or e'en lunch,

He stay'd at home to set his stomach right,
Where bile and acid wag'd a horrid strife,
And nursing thus his liver, sav'd his life!

Another had engag'd to meet a lady,
(Engagements which men punctually attend,)

And at the time was sitting in a shady
Apartment with his fair and smiling friend,
When, had he not this assignation made, he
Must then have met a brick-and-mortar end;
Thus evil may be done that good may come,
A sentence which I us'd to think a hum.'

The Church in Danger from Herself; or, the Causes of her present Declining State Explained. Dedicated to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. By the Rev. John Acaster, Vicar of St. Helen's, York, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Mexborough. 8vo. pp. 171. Seeley, 1829.

THIS is a very earnest and spirited appeal to the heads of the Church of England by one of its ministers. He maintains, and proves, we think, to the conviction of every man, that the church is in no danger but from itself, and that from itself, in its present state, it has almost every thing to fear. Indifference, negligence, and worldliness, suffered to run their course, unchecked by the operation of ancient and wholesome, but now slumbering laws, are indeed, as Mr. Acaster states and enforces, the great powers at work for the ruin of the establishment. The author is an honest, a pious, a grave, and eloquent man; and, though we might probably differ from him on some serious points of doctrine, would to Heaven that all the clergy were partakers in his zeal and wisdom. Of all the changes that could be devised for the renovation of the church, (on which its safety will necessarily depend), we are inclined to attach the chief importance to a reform in the education of the young men designed for its ministry. But there are few, if any, of Mr. Acaster's propositions which ought not to be strenuously acted on.

Godesberg Castle: a Poem. By Miles T. Stapleton, Author of 'La Pia, or the Fair Penitent.' 8vo. pp. 51. Ridgway, 1829.

THIS is another of the thousand and one signs of the age. It adds nothing to the current thought of our poetasters, but it is strongly impressed with the character communicated to our literature by two or three remarkable men. It is full of the careless, fluent description introduced by Scott, and of the mad contortions of Byron. But we cannot say that it displays a great deal of the genius of either. The cover, however, is roseate, and the story bloody.

Chozar and Sela; or, The Siege of Damascus; and other Poems. By James Fletcher, of Clare Hall, Cambridge. 12mo. pp. 117. London, 1829.

IT may be stated as a general rule, that no one in our day can reasonably look either for profit or reputation from a volume of juvenile poems. Mr. R. Montgomery, to be sure, may be cited against us. But he wrote about the 'Omnipresence of the Deity,'

published in quarto, and had his portrait engraved, with the hair curled and parted on the forehead, so as to overpower at once the lovers of luxurious printing, the religious public, and the young ladies. Mr. Fletcher has emitted a very modest volume, and one which we suspect will attract much less attention. We hope for Mr. Fletcher's sake that it may not be panegyricised in periodicals, or sold to the extent of half a dozen editions. He is evidently a young man of considerable and very improvable talent, and we doubt not that he will turn out a person of high merits and accomplishments if nothing occurs to sell his book, and to persuade him that he is already a great poet, because at eighteen he writes very flowing imitations of Lord Byron and Moore. If his book pays its expenses he will inevitably be persuaded that he is in truth a heart-broken outcast, and will spend his time in apostrophising Ahriamenes instead of reading mathematics. It would really be much wiser and pleasanter to become at once 'a gay man' than to go on persuading oneself that the Cam is the Cocytus, and the world a stage on which young gentlemen are designed to enact sublime melancholies.

Westminster Review, No. XXI. London.

'THE Westminster Review' no longer arrays beneath its whity-brown banners that small but obstinate phalanx of reformers, à l'outrance, to which the work has been indebted for its character and station in the field of polemics and of literature. Those serried squares, that iron front of Aristotelic discipline, have melted like the visionary armies of Ossian, before the breath of some impracticable editor or proprietor; and their place has been supplied by bands of light troops and skirmishers, whose tactics are amusingly different. A remnant of the faithful, however, still appear to impart some portion of the old leaven to the present entertaining number. A paper on the *greatest-happiness* principle, in reply to the attack of 'The Edinburgh,' on 'Mill's Essay on Government,' ought either to have been better or worse written:—worse, if it was only intended to fight the northern sophist with his own weapons; better, if a hope were entertained of arriving at the real moral basis of political science. A review of 'The Parliamentary Report on the Civil Government of Canada,' is a far more favourable specimen of the 'faith as it is in Bentham,' and is incomparably more worthy of attention than any political pamphlet of late date which has come before us. It forms the sequel to a former paper in the same review on the same subject; and consummates the exposure of a system of ecclesiastical and civil misrule, petitioned against by eighty-seven thousand aggrieved individuals, and condemned by a Committee of the Commons House of Parliament.

The Extractor, or Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts; comprehending, under one general arrangement, the whole of the popular, scientific, valuable, and entertaining articles of interest to the general reader, from the American and English Reviews, Magazines, and Journals. Vol. II. Ware. London. 1829.

WERE this work literally what on its title-page it professes to be; did it comprehend 'the whole of the popular, scientific, and entertaining articles carefully compiled, digested, and methodized from the American and English reviews, magazines, and journals,' it is quite clear that it would be the most discreditable publication that ever issued from the press. As it is, however, the sources whence the matter with which this publication is filled are so numerous and so vast, and many of them, although occasionally containing matter of universal interest, are, generally speaking, so exclusively devoted to branches of knowledge, about which a small class of individuals only concern themselves, that it is doing a service to the public, and a benefit rather than an injury to the works from which the articles are taken, to extract them. The quarterly volume before us contains nearly five hundred and fifty pages of thickly printed letterpress, in double columns, selected from a variety of

periodical publications; but we believe, in only one or two cases are there more than two articles taken from the same journal.

The Life of Mahomet. Published by the Society for Useful Knowledge. 8vo. pp. 32.

THE author of this pamphlet is evidently one of a set whose elaborate and hollow pedantry is infinitely more intolerable than that of the school-men. The forms those logicians might be filled with a spirit of life of and creation by a man of genius, and sometimes were so. The affectation of our modern English schoolmen, which they are pleased to call a *method*, is far too narrow and minute to contain any thing much larger than a quibble, though we confess the experiment has not often been tried by its inventors. We have looked backwards a few months to notice the performance named above, because we think it peculiarly unfitted for the purpose which it is intended to serve, and because we are anxious to entreat that Mr. Hallam and Sir James Mackintosh will not permit their names to appear on the covers of any more such productions. This one is chiefly noticable for its author's want of comprehension, both as regards the character of Mahomet and the spirit of his system.

A New and Complete History of the County of York, by Thomas Allen, Author of 'History of Lambeth,' and illustrated by a Series of Views, Engraved on Steel, from Original Drawings, by Nathaniel Whitlock. 8vo. Hinton. London. 1829.

OUR readers, we trust, will dispense, without murmuring, with our pronouncing an elaborate opinion on the historical and topographical parts of this publication. In the former, the author, if not elegant, is at least impartial; and in his account of the eventful transactions of which the extensive and populous county of York was the theatre, at the period of the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament, he, wisely considering the probable diversity of political opinion among the readers he would desire to conciliate, contents himself with giving details, without troubling himself to express an opinion.

The illustrations are in general good and appropriate. The best are a view of the sumptuous 'Minster,' 'Heath Hall, near Wakefield,' and 'Hull Docks.' We cannot say so much for the engraving of 'Trinity Church, Leeds,' which is stiff and harsh.

Deutsches Lesebuch, or Lessons in German Literature, by J. Rowbotham. London, 1829.

THE author of this collection, already known to the public by his German and French Grammars, has added, in this publication, one more to the many translations so useful in the study of languages. Although the lessons are neither abundant nor very select, they are better than the collection of Crabb, and more worthy of recommendation than those known under the title of 'Historisches Magazin.' The author, moreover, deserves praise for the attempt to combine in different progressive sections, the Hamiltonian system with the improvements suggested by various philosophical grammarians. The first section, however, in which the method of interlinear translation is united with a liberal translation, appears confusing, for a beginner, without being of any use to him.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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SHADES OF THE DEAD.

NO. I.—MILTON.

ONE of the most remarkable changes in the history of the world is that which has substituted the action of circumstances for the influence of individual character. To questions whether this revolution be useful or mischievous, only the one answer can be returned—that it is necessary. But omitting, for the present, all discussion as to the political results of this alteration, we may yet observe, that nothing can be more pernicious than to let it extend to the moulding of our own minds. For whether any man's well-being can be destroyed by adverse fortune (to which almost all Pagan wisdom and example, no less than Christianity, bear witness in the negative), it is clear that the most favourable accidents can never secure it. Yet our education generally tends to turn attention, not on the virtues and accomplishments of illustrious men, but on the precepts left to us by them, or to be drawn from their lives, for advancing ourselves in society, and prudently governing our conduct.

It would, therefore, be in our age especially useful to set up before the eyes of men, the portraits of the great minds which now exist for us only in their thoughts or actions; and to display them for the reverential love of later times in their living personalities, and surrounded, as golden statues in a temple, by unstained and sacred air. Such tasks are not dear to those whom profit or vanity has made skilful in bookcraft, and the attempt is thus remitted to workmen who want perhaps almost every quality required for its success, but the earnestness with which they would willingly devote themselves to its achievement.

Milton stands apart from nearly all the men who hold a permanent place in the estimation of the world. With scarcely an exception, their memories are still, as it were naturally joined to the affairs of society. Shakspeare is read perhaps less for his poetry than for the number of practical maxims, and sayings, and descriptions of general application which crowd his pages. Newton retains his place in fame by the physical direction of his pursuits. Bacon is crowned with both these diadems. But the fourth great name of England dwells aloft, and equally remote from the business of the day and the studies of natural philosophy. The merchant cannot learn from him to grow rich. He has left no proofs to the mathematician. The man of the world can find in his writings no directions for his carriage in courts and assemblages. In the eyes of the present generation his political opinions are an obsolete fancy; his system of church government a baseless dream; and his plan of education but a grotesque rarity for literary museums. He is even hateful to many for his defence of regicide; he is distasteful to more for his heretical doctrine; the works which employed the longer portion of his life are difficult and gloomy, and now half hidden by the rust and cobwebs of the two centuries which have introduced to popularity such different theories from his; his poetry, to persons who read for amusement, is far too massy and learned, and furnishes food but little grateful to the majority of those in whose views his religion is not contemptible.

Whence then comes it that he is still spoken of as a bright and almost an awful spirit? It assuredly does not arise from the merely accidental conformity of a few of his opinions with those of some modern politicians. They employ his eternal name for their own low momentary purposes. They use a forensic lens to kindle from that sun their heaps of weeds and so breed a stench in the nostrils of their enemies. But he spoke so little to the crowd, he lived so long ago, his faith was so sincere, and his morality so exalted, that he will never receive from them that cordial idolatry which rewards their recent champions. He has lately been panegyrised by them in this country, as the Bible when it was taken to Rome after the sack of Jerusalem might have been applauded by some Greek adventuring rhetor-

ician, who had looked for an hour into the volume. And neither can the reverence felt for him be explained by the religious frame of his longest poem. For some of our most admired religious authorities have declared that the Rev. Mr. Pollok's 'Course of Time,' is superior to 'Paradise Lost.' Pure poetry will not maintain an author in the thoughts of Englishmen, or Spenser would not be almost forgotten. There must be some cause different from all these for our national admiration of Milton, and it can be found in nothing but the dignity of his character. That, careless as the learned and the popular are becoming of such titles to renown, is still a claim on the sympathy of mankind; and so it must ever be, unless we shall sink into a horde, externally civilized, but morally uncultivated.

Milton was abundantly skilled in the dialectic art; he had a divine intuition into the logic of poetry; but he was not particularly remarkable, among men of genius, for penetrating and comprehensive intellect. This is very clear from his political and theological writings. His 'Scheme of Government,' is that of a purely ideal commonwealth, and has the fault common to the greater number of such conceptions, that it never could be practised except among beings for whom no government at all would be necessary. His opinions as to a Church Establishment are of exactly a similar description. And no imagination less powerful than his could have realized such visions to any mind. Nor could these phantom plans have obtained in the thoughts of a nation the living force necessary to their action, unless every man had been able to breathe into them from himself a breath of existence as powerful as that with which they were imbued by their Creator. But this could not be. The roots by which institutions hold to the minds of most men and draw nourishment from them, are custom and antiquity, far more than the feeling of security, the love of order, and the reliance on acknowledged right, which influence the few thoughtful heads. Milton cut off these roots in himself, and nourished his theory by stronger and deeper ones, penetrating below the surface into the reason and freedom of his nature. His plans are glorious manifestations of his character. But in politics no more than in poetry could he lay aside the austere and magnificent individuality of his mind, and think for others from a knowledge of what they are, instead of considering them as repetitions of his nobler self. He knew little of the tangled complication of modern society, of the reciprocal action of various classes, which have grown up and been sanctioned by centuries, of all the differences made by the increasing importance of property between the commonwealth of England and that of Rome. He saw, in his idea of Rulers, the combined elements of a moral and a civil guardianship, resembling, but for their elective title, an old priestly aristocracy. The people were, in his eyes, a body whose freedom would best be secured by obedience to these governors; and he took but slight account of that great middle mass of unripe active intelligence which did not exist in the ancient world, but of which the power over civil affairs and literature is the most remarkable characteristic of modern times.

His political opinions with regard to circumstances are of little value as rules for practice. He did not belong to the age in which he wrote, nor peculiarly to any age. He saw no more of the subtle springs and interwoven tendencies of his own day than of any other. He would have walked as much alone in the time of Elizabeth as in that of Charles. And though living in any period of public movement, he would have flung his gigantic shadow over the field of battle contested by dwarfish combatants; his motives would have been entirely different from their's, and he would have stridden among them without belonging to either faction, though turning perhaps the victory at his will. His political treatises can teach the active statesman very little, but they are splendid and living evidences, for him who reads aright, of the freedom and earnestness which were as necessary to the mind of Milton, as the air of heaven to the world of animal existence. They are

more than this; they are memorable assertions of that possible freedom of human nature, which, though incapable of being made the broad ostensible basis of a government, must be more or less implied in every polity designed to hold together beings at all superior to the brutes. In them, as it were he calls to witness God and man, that liberty is our natural inheritance; and though not knowing or heeding that where it does not exist in the minds of men, institutions pretending to embody it must be hollow and dead, he is yet an inspired moral teacher, proclaiming that for freedom in himself it is every man's first vocation to labour, and his second to struggle for its recognition in the laws of his country. And thus it is, that where it was possible for Milton to succeed there he was successful. He taught to all Europe that the death of Charles was not a mere violence of an aimless and criminal faction, but a deed which could alone make evident the birth and rigour of a new power, a hitherto unheard-of self-reliance among the citizens of a modern state. The execution of that sovereign (than whom a falsar and more treacherous never existed) is now maintained by almost all men to have been both foolish and wicked. But in how different a spirit was it defended by Milton from that in which it was treated of by the Royalists, who condemned it, not as a separate offence, but as part of a rebellion more just and necessary than any foreign war that England ever waged. And mistaken though he probably was in his defence of the English people, let us not forget how nearly the language and doctrines of that mighty pleading are akin to those of the *Areopagitica*, the first great proclamation of a principle which has now become the most familiar and most valuable inheritance of every one among us.

His views of church government are indeed far more opposed to any thing that could safely be practised, than his political theories. But we may draw from them at least the moral of the utter worthlessness of hierarchies and ceremonies without our own co-operation. To Milton such aids were unnecessary. The ladder is needless for him who has an angel's wings. But he has taught us more eloquently than almost any man, that the very ladder of God will not enable the cripple or the sluggard to mount to heaven. In this, in all, he contends for the activity and freedom of the individual mind. It was the treasure which he unceasingly guarded; it was the citadel which he spent his life in defending; it was the faith of which he was the great apostle. And what though he overlooked the humble needs of the wayfaring Christian, who fears to stand alone least he should fall; the time shall come when the meanest and the weakest will be lifted side by side with Milton, and feel that they are upheld by that inward and self-subsisting force on which they now dare not rely.

Nor are his poems less remarkable than his prose writings, for the evidence they afford of the personal loftiness and concentration of his character. It was the glory of Shakspeare to make himself master of the universe as it is; and on that account there is no conjunction of affairs, no subtle variety of character, to which some passage of his dramas is not applicable. It was the glory of Milton to create for himself a universe of his own; and, therefore, every line of his works shows to us an instance of the employment of ordinary materials in relation to a high, internal, moral end. Shakspeare modelled out of his own pure metal a bright image of every thing around him, and a thousand noble human sculptures. The great blind poet collected all that the world could supply of valuable, and melting it into one rich Corinthian substance, cast with it a statue of himself, exhibiting man in his most divine form, and to be recognised by men as long as they shall retain their likeness to God.

Milton's independence of his age, and of all but the laws of his own excellence, is no less remarkable in these poems than in his other writings and in his life. He was in faith a Hebrew prophet; and in knowledge and culture a Greek philosopher. 'Paradise Lost' is the noblest mythological creation that

ever existed. It does not connect itself indeed with the popular belief of any time or country; for Milton of all men was least able to throw himself into another set of thoughts than his own; and those who demand that he should have done so, and lament that his angels are not the angels of our childhood, nor his fiends the devils of a puppet show, forget that the living principle of Milton's being, his sublime and statue-like aloofness, must have been destroyed before he could have thus written. Conscience was the moving power, imagination the great instrument, of his mind. For the sport of fancy, the agility of busy Intelligencer he had little propensity.

It is curious to observe how the general opinion has decided with regard to the relative merit of his poems. 'Paradise Lost' is, by the consent of almost all, the greatest poem of England; while 'Paradise Regained' is scarcely more familiar to the majority of educated persons than 'Gondibert,' or 'The Purple Island.' The one which images the struggle and agony of the universe in the task of self-determination, which contains the gigantic impersonations of evil, and the disastrous rout of human hope, finds an apt correspondence in the breast of every one. But the lovely child of the old age of Milton, the serene proclamation of the power to conquer, the even and majestic triumph of tempted humanity, has perished from the memory of the nation as completely as if it had been laid in the sepulchre of its author.

Until there is a stronger inclination to raise out of that oblivious dust what remains to us of his productions, there is but little chance that we shall think of erecting and vivifying the image of himself; yet around what retired student does so calm a glory rest as that which encircles Milton? From his age, so fertile in the greatest men, we look in vain for his compeer, and shrink from setting in comparison with him the perturbed spirit of Vane, the virtue of Falkland, slender and feeble, though pure as diamond, or the less austere morality of the pregnant and fervid Taylor. We see Milton surrounded by a conflict, for humble honesty the most fearful that can exist; but we see him passing through it triumphant. Unlike Hobbes, the cowardly sophist, who fled from England at her utmost need, he left the land which his education and tastes made dear to him above all others, and which he could scarcely have hoped again to visit; he broke away from a train of affectionate admirers, and the ennobling sphere of the old Roman greatness, and came to submit himself to the whirlwind by which his country was shaken. The days of a life which more lately bore the fruit of the 'Paradise Lost and Regained,' he employed in the toil of teaching, that he might devote his nights to the composition of treatises splendid enough to have dazzled a world, but that they were too lofty to engage the vulgar eye. In an age rioting with drunken opinions, he, too, was sometimes misled by a finer and more spiritual intoxication. But the man is untouched by the condemnation which lights on the intellectual error; his heroic, if not rather angelic, excellence remains undimmed, unapproached by censure; suspicion dares not look his memory in the face; his name stands among us as a monumental pillar, elevated enough to be a standard for human nature, and of which stain or decay cannot reach the lowest stone in the pedestal.

He may have erred as to divorce; but it was not from the strength of sensual passion or the weakness of conscience. He overlooked a thousand prudential considerations as to government; but from no want of reverence for the principle of law, or love for all that can maintain, purify, or exalt society. And if in moulding his idea of a church, he forgot that the limit which restrains may also secure and support, how glorious was the error (if the wretchedness of any error can ever by relation be glorified) compared to that of men who would compress and enslave the freest and the most self-sustained spirit on earth, even such an one as that of Milton himself.

Nor is he merely this severe and complete model, awful and holy, but as he is sometimes described,

scarcely at all engaging. The altar-flame which burns on the sacred mountain lighted also with a genial and kindly ray the low domestic hearth. He loved the country, and society, and cheerful books; and delighted in all the cordial elegances and delicate graces of life as keenly as those who far from being able to write the 'Defensio Secunda,' have never even read it. There is all the simplicity and all the liveliness that good Isaac Walton would have desired, in the glimpses that remain to us of his private life. We read of him inviting Mr. Lawrence or Cyriac Skinner to converse with him over wine, and thus to enjoy a pleasure, of which

'Who can judge and spare
To interpose it oft is not unwise.'

We hear of him composing an unrivalled poem in honour of a young lady, at the request of his friend Mr. Henry Lawes. And she, the heroine of 'Comus,' by a singular felicity, after the glory of being celebrated by Milton, achieved the greater glory of protecting Jeremy Taylor. How familiarly does he seem to have conversed with Elwood and his other friends about that which men are often jealous of seeing handled, the progress, namely, of his writings. How profoundly did he love the wife to whom he addressed that most saintly sonnet. And how beautiful, calm, and clear are the hints that remain to us of his latter days, when wrapped with a coarse grey coat, he sat in summer evenings among the flowers at his door, and rejoiced in the fresh air of heaven; or when more solemnly suited with black, he was placed in a room hung with faded green, and bent his pale sightless countenance over the organ on which he delighted to play. And amid the smoke and fury of the fiercest political battle waged in England since the Reformation, with what exquisite sweetness and modest sublimity does he recur to the romances in which, as a boy, he had looked for amusement; and from which, by the necessity of his own nature, he had drawn instruction and moral nourishment.

He had scorn, indeed, and vehemence for all the basenesses that met his eye. But let us not forget that the meekest Being who ever existed drove the money-changers from the temple with a scourge, and threatened to purge the garner with a terrible and destroying fan.

THE NORWEGIAN KNIGHTS IN THE SANDY DESERT.

From the German of *La Motte Fouqué.*

RUTBERT.

My Adelhard, of all the knights our Norway's snows
Have poured abroad to seek adventures and renown,
None ever had to bear a lot so hard as ours:
Here underneath the parching glow of Afric suns
To burrow through the desert by our mail weighed down,
With strange and loathsome beasts of prey to clog our
spears,
Or sometimes a magician, sight more ghastly still,
Who reels and sprawls and stains the ground with his
black gore.
In truth our brethren's tasks are nothing but mere sport:
Whether in ships they have round cliffs stark stiff with
ice,
Or make the Asian Paynims bleed and fall and fly:
Whatever be their fate, 'tis bliss compared with ours.

ADELHARD.

What doomed us to these toils, my friend, but our own
choice?
Those chains alone rub sorely, which a stranger bound;
Not the arms we braced ourselves rejoicing in our
strength.
Slaves only murmur. To be free is to be glad.

RUTBERT.

True! But no man can keep in one unvarying mood
For years together. Times change strangely; so will
men.

What at one moment lifted us above the stars,
Will at another almost weigh us to the ground:
Almost indeed, not quite. A knight's heart still is true.

ADELHARD.

Aye! or he must have always been a recreant knight.

RUTBERT.

And thou couldst never deem so meanly of thy friend:
Of that at least I feel assured, my Adelhard.

ADELHARD.

Thy lance may sleep in peace amid the grass and flowers
Of this our desert garden: for I mean thee well.
Thou'lt never need thy spear against thy Adelhard.

RUTBERT.

I'm glad of it, e'en from the bottom of my soul.
It were sore pity that a quarrel should arise
Betwixt two knights whom God has blest with such
strong arms;

Whom every pilgrim wandering through the desert seeks,
As pillared rocks amid the sandsea standing firm;
In whom too all the dwellers on the blooming coast
Trust that our spears' sharp moving hedge will still fence
off

The wild barbarian race that haunt this weird waste;
Yea, who are known throughout the earth by one proud
name,

The giant pair, in friendship wondrous and in strength.

ADELHARD.

And yet, my Rutbert, yet thou murmurest at thy lot.

RUTBERT.

'Tis only that our mighty never-ceasing toil,
Though it bears fruit, bears such a thin and scanty crop,
As stands in no proportion to the gardener's pains.

ADELHARD.

Where will you find a gardener in this earthly world,
Who may not echo back that melancholy cry?
Whether with spade or pen, with sickle or with sword,
His taskwork be performed, one thing is always sure:
A perfect fruitage never will reward his toil.
This is because the world is fallen away from God,
A poor weak thing, that sins in dreams, and dreams
through sins.

Yea! doth not God himself give much, whence little
comes?

But let not mortals therefore idly fold their arms.

RUTBERT.

Behold that slaughtered lion there beside the brook,
That tawny serpent's rigid folds besmeared with sand.

ADELHARD.

I know, 'twas thy brave arm that laid them prostrate
there.

RUTBERT.

Is that the way an idle dreamer folds his arms?

ADELHARD.

No truly! thy droll question makes me laugh outright.
But there's another duty, never to allow
Black vapours to o'ergloom our free and open hearts.
Driving fresh confidence from thence and cheerful joy.
All obstacles, when boldly clutched with fearless hand,
Will lose their sting, and only make our spirits leap.
But wherefore lookst thou thus astonished in my face?

RUTBERT.

I know not, can this be the selfsame Adelhard,
Who used so oft to wrestle with his fate of yore,
Whene'er it placed a burthen on his haughty neck?
And now forsooth—I thought, when thy pledged word of
late

Called thee away to Italy for knightly feats
From these our sandy posts of drudgery, of a truth,
When he returns from all those gaily sparkling climes,
His grumbling will keep time with the angry growling
winds,

And give them back their never-ending hollow moan.
Thou art returned; and preachest mirth and patient
cheer.

What wrought the marvel in thy once impatient breast?

ADELHARD.

Most gladly will I tell thee; but, if thou approvest,
Would rather breathe it in the blither tones of song.

RUTBERT.

Ay surely! 'Tis the ancient custom of the North.
Sing on, my honest Adelhard, with lusty voice.

ADELHARD.

Midst of mountains
Flows a valestream,
Far gentler, more azure than our beloved Norway's
streams;
Softer the hill-slopes,
More leafy their tresses,
Greener their carpet that yields to the maiden's foot.

But in this fairy scene
Many a ragged peak
Lifts up its naked brow into the sunny sky;
Many a stone-tower
Looks with a father's eye
Watchfully down on the huts by the riverside.

RUTBERT.

Your pardon, my good friend, how name they that fair stream.

ADELHARD.

We northern knights in our tongue harshly call it Etsch
But the Italian maid's soft lip shapes sweeter sounds.
Now prithee, do not any further thus break in
Upon my song. It waits me to a muchloved spot:
And I ne'er brooked to have my deeds or words cut short off.

RUTBERT.

Friend, be not angry. Questions surely do no harm.
It was my pleasure in thy song that made me ask.
But sing away, and boldly: I'll not do't again.

ADELHARD.

And my steed bare me
Up to the oldest
Mossiest castle along the steep linden-path:
Dark was the evening air,
Dusky the linden shade:
Here, thought I, spirits dwell pent in these dreary walls.
Athwart the grey darkness
There met me a ghostlike man,
At the steepest most slippery turn of the rocky path,
And brushed along past me;
Almost did my roan steed
Blinded with terror start down the dizzying height:
But forcibly reining him
Forward I drove him
Up to the storm-beaten cloud-like tower's giant gate.
High from the casements
Lights peered through the ragged cloud;
Hollowly sounded my knock from the vaulted door.
But Rutbert, there's a question in thy roving eye.
Is it not so? Then ask it freely, my good friend.

RUTBERT.

'Twas not a question, friend, exactly. I but thought,
If all the ghostly horrors caged within that tower,
With single torches dimly flaring o'er black walls,
If such the themes that fill thy song, my Adelhard,—
I know not—but the ostriches are hopping round,
Rolling their balls of ghastly white amid the dusk,
And stretching forth their serpent necks from clouds of sand;

Nightbirds are screaming, and the lion's furious roar
Comes hoarsely through his throat that gapes with drought
of blood.—

So that I scarcely know if this be fitting time
To tell the horrors of that tower. But 'tis begun;
So sing away what fearful sights within those walls
That night appalled thine eyes: for fearful sure they were.

ADELHARD.

Dark stone winding stairs,
Echoing chambers,—
Thus onward I went—before me a lamp-bearing page,
A page that spake not,—
Up steps, down steps;
Till we stopped at a door from within which looked out
a light:

The light peeped through the crevices
So stilly, so secretly:—
Back went the door,—O round green garden-like room!
O lady so smiling,
Bright locks floating round thee!
O thou at her bosom, thou laughing, thou blossom-like
child!

And forward to meet me
With noble kind greeting
The castelord stopt looking friendly and full in my eyes.
Then at the round table
In the guest's seat he placed me:
Bright through the wellcut glass sparkled the blood-red
wine.

Far off the spectres
Prowled through the midnight air;
Here round three blest ones was stillness and gladness
and light:
homelike, so daylike

Was the friendly bright chamber,
No spirit of fear could ever dare enter therein;
Unless a song ushered it,
Or tales that creep shiveringly:
Then many an awful legend of Norway I sang.
Whereto the castle lord
With hand of might touched the harp;
For God had endowed him with lordly sway o'er the
strings.

Of too he buckles on
His helmet of gleaming gold,
And seizes his spear, and into the forest goes forth;
There mid a hunter's feats
Recollecting the combats
Which in the land of the Franks he lately had fought.
Then homeward returning,
By his gentle wife greeted,
And greeting the heaven that smiles in the light of her
eyes,

With his babe playing,
As with an angel child,
Tell me, doth he not live in a Paradise here below?

RUTBERT.

Ay, that he does; and tears of joy into my eyes
Have almost mounted at thy picture of bright bliss.
But how shall this console us dwellers in the waste?
It rather breeds a painful gnawing at the heart.
To hear of joy, from which our lives are thus shut out.

ADELHARD.

Oh Rutbert, thou art far better than thy words.
When we are cutting through this ocean's dusty waves,
Weary, and parched with thirst, and almost choked with
sand,
Is it no joy, no comfort then, to know that here,
Though far away, amid the desert islands bloom
Thus bright with fruit, where nature's breasts so richly
swell.

RUTBERT.

Yes doubtless: the remembrance has rejoiced me oft.

ADELHARD.

And shall not I rejoice then, that a mate in arms
And mate in song, amid this earthly wilderness,
On such a rich oasis dwells, so fraught with joys?
Shall I not therefore ply my task with stouter heart,
And stouter more victorious arm, if God so wills?

RUTBERT.

Thy words refresh me, like the sight of Norway's snows.

ADELHARD.

And look at that fierce imp there, reeling through the dark
On a bewitched pale ostrich, mocking us. Come charge!

RUTBERT.

Charge! I ne'er grasped my lance with more triumphant
glee.

UDE ON LITERATURE.

(Concluded from p. 425.)

M. UDE begins the practical part of his work
with the following observations:

'Words are the foundation of literature.

'Any fragments of dictionary will serve for the first
vocabulary, provided the old expressions and obscurities
be carefully removed. The words will not otherwise suit
the taste of society. If they be properly prepared, they
will serve for every subject.

'When there is a good book-manufactory, words
should be always at hand; as the language must be set-
tled according to the work intended to be published.

'Many writers complain, and with reason, of the heavy
trouble of writing, but do not consider the immense num-
ber of words in a dictionary, particularly before it is
trimmed. The difficulty will be much diminished by at-
tending to the preceding direction.'—P. 1.

We will add some of the particular receipts, so as
to furnish our readers with a complete conception of
M. Ude's manner:

'13. L'Essai de Santé, or Wholesome Essay.—Put
into a thin octavo or pamphlet six truisms, half a simile,
and a quotation from Dr. Johnson. Moisten with milk
and water (No. 5); or if it be designed for gentlemen, as
they have stronger nerves, weak tea (No. 7) may be sub-
stituted. Let it mix so that the moral may appear only
by degrees; skim off all the difficulties, so that it may

be quite clear and simple. When skimmed, throw into
it two authorities, two examples, a metaphor, two lines of
Shakspeare stuck with three of Tate, and three maxims
for conduct. Let the whole be gently diluted till it fills
two hundred pages. Add a little pleasantry, either à la
Joe Miller (No. 90), or à la Westminster Review (No.
21.) Having strained it through tabinet till it is free
from all allusions to Gretna Green or scandal; serve in
a drab cover, and hot-pressed.'—P. 7.

'75. Roman à la Mode. Fashionable Novel.—You
must invent a coxcomb, some good livers, and several
accomplished young ladies. The coxcomb is to be pre-
pared in the following manner:—Send him to school,
where he must be the idlest and most learned, the most
ill-tempered and most popular of the boys; let him be
expelled for insulting the master, who must shed tears at
his departure. Dress him with sauce à la financière
(financier's sauce), and put him into a college; there let
him spend all his nights in gambling, and all his days in
riding, and become, by the judicious employment of the
rest of his time, the most profound Greek scholar and ma-
thematician of all his contemporaries. Give him a degree
à la noblesse (nobleman's way, No. 58), and let him come
rapidly into the world; fling in at hazard half a dozen
eminent names; enrich his character with two or three
adulteries; season to your taste with gunpowder and fine
feelings. Boil the whole quickly together, taking care to
preserve the froth; and serve it in three volumes, labelled
in black, with the name of a fashionable publisher (No.
17.)'

'181. Treatise of Metaphysics.—French Eighteenth
Century way.—Take as many pounds as you can obtain
of abstract terms, the heavier and darker the better;
carefully remove any remains of natural thought or feel-
ing that may stick to them, (keep these till you are making
a poem, à la Wordsworth, or Wordsworth way, No. 213);
grind the abstract terms together in a mill fit for nothing
else, till no difference of shape or colour can be perceived
among them. Add reasoning à l'avocat (lawyer's way),
and go on till your bookseller tells you to stop. Make
your conclusions as opposite as possible to the moral con-
victions of the world. Serve with a sauce liberale (liberal
sauce, No. 1.)'

'205. Poème à la Turquie. Poem Turkish way.—
First catch a brain fever, and next catch a hero; mix
them together; garnish with golden skies, blue waters,
orange-trees, yataghans, (No. 23), sentiment, murder,
and mussulman crim. con.; bind with red morocco, and
serve a sa collation in boudoirs.'

THE PROMENADES OF PARIS.

THE French are the first promenading people in
the world: they have their promenades à pied, en
voiture, à cheval; their promenades sur l'eau;
and now and then even their promenades dans l'air.
Does a provincial town pretend to civilization? it
justifies its claim by pointing to its Place de prome-
nade. Does a column of the Grande Armée, after
'covering itself with glory,' take possession of a
foreign town, thrusting French employés and French
usages down the throats of the subjugated? the first
care of the conquerors, their first step towards the
improvement of the new subjects, is to pull down
their houses or fill up their canals, in order to furnish
them a promenade. The idea of civilization in the
French badaud, seems scarcely in fact to extend be-
yond the existence of a public walk. No wonder,
then, that accommodations of the kind abound in
Paris, the nucleus of modern civilization; and that,
during the fine evenings of summer, the gardens of
the capital are thronged by shoals of bipeds—men,
women, children; plebeians, nobles, dignitaries of
church and state; the rich and the poor, young and
old, shabby and elegant,—people in short of every
class, of every description of character and physio-
nomy, of all complexions, and of all countries;
forming most picturesque assemblages, rich in
strong and most amusing contrasts.

Every quarter of the great city, in fact, seems to
possess its peculiar place of assembly—its rendez-
vous of daily loungers. Here we have the long
and magnificent avenues of the Boulevards encir-

cling with a girdle of green the heart of the capital; there among the deep shades of the Thuilleries, the wonders of art, and the perfume of pomegranate and orange blossoms, unite to charm at once the intellect and the senses. Quit the Royal Gardens, and the cheerful alleys of the Champs Élysées, terminated by the imposing masses of architecture of the Barrière de l'Etoile present themselves: the quiet inhabitant of the Marais seeks the cool air of evening in the healthy opening of the Place Royale: the Jardin des Plantes receives under the shade of its cedars of Lebanon and other evergreens, the population of those unknown regions towards the latitude of the Pont d'Austerlitz, the antipodes to the inhabitants of the Chaussée D'Antin. In the Luxembourg, that delicious Oasis for the sons of Themis and Esculapius, the student, charmed by the odour of the acacias, instead of poring over class-books and institutes, scribbles his *cing codes*, with madrigals in honour of the beauties of the *Pays latin*.

Agitation—the move—the promenade—are the second nature of the Parisian, the elements in which he lives. The constant exercise of all his senses is, with him, an absolute necessity: to see and to be seen, to hear and to relate, to be ever abroad, and to live as it were, in others, is indispensable; hence, this assiduous frequenting of the public gardens, and of places of general assembly. Civilization, commerce, knowledge, are the gainers by this incessant contact of man with man, by this perpetual friction of individual against individual. To its influence may be attributed the sudden formation of public opinion, which spreads with electrical rapidity from the first to the last link in the social chain, and which, by an instinctive impulse of sympathy or antipathy, responds to every phenomenon of moral, literary, or social order. And how busy, how active, this apparent idleness—this seeming diversion! The votary of commerce, (like the London stock-broker or attorney at Epsom on the day of the Derby), never loses sight of his main object—his sugar and his spices still are with him. He makes an exchange of the promenade. Among a group of loungers, he strikes bargains for his colonial produce, and his cargoes of log wood. Here, too, the agent of Sidy Mahmoud recruits Circassians destined to embellish the harem of his master. While criticising in the gallery of the Louvre the painting of the *Sacre*, your banker also will negotiate with a plenipotentiary some great national loan which shall add another million to the many which already fill his coffers, and attach to his button hole the only riband wanting to complete his collection of European orders. Odry, seated near a group of commercial-travellers, overhears their jests, and picks up the bon-mots and calembourgs which he retails in the evening on the boards of the 'Variétés.' The opposition député, lounging through the Jardin des Plantes, seizes the bold metaphor, with which, in his eloquent extempore, he enchants the Chamber, from the elegant neck of the giraffe*; and the poet of the romantic school, reciting his dithyrambic under the jet-d'eau of the Thuilleries, would arouse the voice of the swans by the sweet melody of his verse. Not such places, however, it must be owned, has the divine Astræa chosen for her retreat: wo to the countryman whose exterior shall happen to bespeak ingenuousness and simplicity! Figures of this description are real prizes at Paris. The new comer is already in the hands of some hospitable host, whose smile is most winning and gracious—whose manners are most captivating: who is proud to introduce the stranger to the first society; anxious to make him acquainted with all the curiosities of the great metropolis; to procure him a sight of the stud of the Duc de Bordeaux; to make him familiar with the moustaches of the first grenadier of France, with the cocked hat

and green frock of the *petit tondu*. Our stranger accepts the attentions of his influential friend: he is charmed with the gossip, the wit, the cordiality of his cicerone; and on arriving at his lodgings, full of calculations of the advantages to be derived on the morrow from his courtly acquaintance, he finds his pockets empty.

Nothing true, nothing real, in the exterior of these puppets that pass and repass before you! They are gilded pocket-pieces which have nothing but the appearance of glitter—a masked assembly—a constant carnival.

Who can that elegant figure be with the silky cashemere—her features gently shaded by a curtain of fine blonde, surmounted by a weeping plume, and whose attire is altogether so attractive, so picturesque? 'It is the young Countess of —, the Ninon of the Faubourg St. Germain,' says aloud, an exquisite as he passes. 'No such thing,' says a second, in a lower tone, 'she is the chère amie of a money-changer—the Dubarry of the Quartier d'Antin.' 'You are both wrong,' says a third, better informed than his companions, 'she is purely and simply Francisca, the mantua-maker of the Galerie Vivienne: I was with her this very morning giving orders for the wedding dresses of an heiress who is about to be my bride, and whose *rentes* will help me out of the clutches of the rascally duns who are incessantly tormenting me for my college debts: this imposing Aspasin is a mere show figure of the fashions—a sort of walking shop-window.

Under the shade of the wide-leaved sycamore behold a young lady, her long dark lashes shading her brilliant eyes so modestly cast on the ground: in her person the voluptuous form of the mistress of Titian, is ennobled by a face full of the graceful purity of a holy virgin of Raphael: a slight expression of melancholy shadows her countenance and heightens its expression; her bosom seems to heave oppressed by some soft pain, and now and then to find relief in a gentle sigh. An elderly person of her own sex, is her sole companion, and watches, with anxious solicitude, the slightest movement of her interesting charge. Surely, this must be the amiable widow of one of the slain heroes of Trocadero; or, perhaps, the bride of some officer of rank, whom orders to embark for the Morea had torn from his home and the arms of his beloved, at the moment when the sacred rites of the church had hallowed their felicity.

Not far from this charming picture of abstraction, behold, seated at his ease, one arm thrown with graceful negligence over the back of his chair, a young captain of lancers, who seems to have Poniatowsky for his model, as gallant in his bearing, as well made as the noble Pole, as fascinating in his air and attitudes: he sits silent, absorbed, and timid in the presence of so much delicacy and beauty. Yet a natural look of complaisance on the countenance of his neighbour gives him courage; the fall of a withered bough furnishes the smitten lancer with an excuse for addressing a few words to the pensive recluse: moroseness and beauty never were allied—the politeness of the cavalier is acknowledged with due reserve. Emboldened by the condescension, our soldier pushes his advances, and a conversation ensues. In the evening, behold our handsome couple witnessing, from a private box, the representation of Marino Faliero—acquaintances, you would think, from infancy,—having cemented their new alliance with *perdreau aux truffes* and champagne in a cabinet particulier of the sumptuous restaurant of the Rue Rivoli.

But wherefore this sudden rush?—The crowd increases—the press thickens. Has the whale of the Place Louis XVI, escaped from its enclosure to sport in the waters of the basin of the Thuilleries? No; but the Chinese of M. Martignac, as interesting at least as the Osages of M. Villèle, are in the gardens. The demon of curiosity has led them to join the throng: but alas! scarcely are they mixed with the promenaders, when an effective blockade ensues. Prisoners in the middle

of the walk, Kion, Ly, Lic, and Tchén, are the general butt: they sit as it were for their caricatures, until the keeper of the gardens, armed with his silver headed cane, breaks through the crowd, delivers the unfortunate captives, and conducts them with due politeness to the gates. The throng disperses: and then it is that more than one of the curious ascertains that his watchguard has been broken, and his brequet abstracted; but he may console himself, for he has seen the Chinese.

In the midst of a variety of episodes and burlesque scenes, the twilight passes, night throws her shades of ebony over the garden of the Thuilleries, the brilliant lights of the chandeliers begin to shine through the windows of the Palace of Kings, the rattling drums of the *Cent Suisses* give the congé to the promenaders, the empty chairs are built in pyramidal piles, the groups separate, the crowd disperses, and silence and solitude succeed to the scene, lately so full of life and animation.

THE BULLETIN UNIVERSEL.

THE object of the French monthly publication, now generally known throughout Europe under the title of the 'Bulletin Universel,' is to establish a centre of regular communication between the learned and the ingenious throughout the world—to form a chain of correspondence in fact between all those who are engaged in contributing, in any way or degree, to the progress of human knowledge, to whatever country they may belong, however distant may be the theatre of their respective labours, and in whatever language the result of those labours may be originally published. With this view, arrangements are made for procuring regular information on all matters of interest connected with the sciences and arts from the parts of the globe most widely asunder: the journals and periodical collections of every kind, the transactions of academies, public institutions, and learned societies in either hemisphere, as well as new publications, are brought together; and from these whatever is remarkable or novel in science or art is extracted, analysed, or noticed every month, under eight divisions or heads, to every one of which a part or section, forming indeed a separate journal (to be purchased apart) is allotted. These divisions comprise the following subjects: 1. Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry; 2. Natural Philosophy, History, and Geology; 3. Medicine and Surgery; 4. Agriculture and Rural and Domestic Economy; 5. the Mechanical and Useful Arts, &c.; 6. Geography, Statistics, Travels, &c.; 7. History, Antiquities, Language, and Literature; 8. Military and Naval Economy.

The advantages of a work which should constitute an authentic report, every month, of the latest intelligence from the different quarters of the globe, of transactions relating to the important subjects which give the titles to the different sections we have just enumerated, are too obvious to require to be enlarged on; the utility of the object in view is self evident, and that alone will deserve for the enterprise universal approbation and support.

The following are a few details, gathered from the papers on our table relating to this undertaking, of the history of its formation, the mode in which it is conducted, the change which has been lately effected in its management, with a view to procure it a better chance of permanent existence, and the purpose with which the founder has visited this country.

The 'Bulletin Universel' was commenced in the year 1824, as a private speculation, by its present director, the Baron de Ferussac, associated with the two bookselling establishments of Dufour and D'Ocagne and Treuttel and Würtz, and was carried on by these parties until the spring of the last year, under the general superintendence of the director.

The different sources whence the information to be collected in the 'Bulletin' is to be derived, are submitted to competent individuals, who make the necessary analyses and abstracts or extracts; but the

* We beg our admiring correspondent, who entertains such serious apprehensions for the reputation of 'The Athenæum,' on account of the *stupid mistranslations* in the article on the death of the Austrian Giraffe, to represent that paper.

care of editing every division of the work is more particularly entrusted to persons versed in the branch of science or learning to which the respective section or journal relates, and the names of these persons are affixed to the particular number published under their supervision.

Reasons, of which the ostensible one was the desire to render this undertaking more durable than it could be expected to prove if it remained the mere speculation of private individuals, induced the Baron de Ferussac to take the necessary measures for placing it under the protection of a public association. A society, authorised by a royal decree, and of which the Duke d'Angoulême became the patron, was formed accordingly in the month of March, 1828, with a proposed capital of 450,000 francs, to be produced by the sale of 450 actions or shares, of 1000 francs each. The most distinguished scientific men of France, we are assured, have become members of the society; and the object of the visit of the Baron de Ferussac to this country is to recruit for associates in the undertaking among the learned and ingenious on this side of the channel, as well as among those who may be willing to contribute in a pecuniary way to the success and permanence of the establishment by simply becoming shareholders. Similar steps are taking in Germany and other parts of the Continent, and in the Americas, to extend the number of persons directly interested in the undertaking.

For ourselves, we are ready to avow our cordial good wishes for the success of the project of the Baron de Ferussac. We have had occasion for some time past to observe the advantageous nature of the work of which he is the founder; we perceive in it a publication required by the sciences and arts. We are persuaded that Paris, on account of its central situation, and of its easy accessibility from the different extremities of the civilised world, is the fittest capital for carrying on such a project, if, indeed, it be not the only place at which it could be efficaciously conducted; and no one will deny that the facility and wide diffusion of the French language render that tongue the best possible medium for the desired communication. That the work is capable of improvement we are well aware: we cannot doubt that the correspondence might have been more speedy, direct, and regular, than it has hitherto, if due pains had been taken; or, perhaps, it would be more just to say, if the inadequacy of means had not necessitated too great a reliance on fortuitous as well as gratuitous sources of supply. It is clear that, to render an undertaking of this kind complete, or an object of interest and desire to the well-informed, it must be independent of generosity and chance; that the most active exertions should be used to procure a regular supply of latest intelligence on all matters, from every quarter; and that the information so obtained should be recorded with every possible speed and diligence. We doubt not that, as the difficulties which attend the commencement of a work of such magnitude shall be surmounted, the imperfections hitherto observable in it will be remedied; and that, in a very short time, if the undertaking meets with the support which it certainly merits, the manner in which it is executed will be as complete as the plan of the publication itself is admirable.

The Baron de Ferussac, we understand, on his arrival in London, submitted his plans to the consideration of the Society, for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and requested the aid of that association. The proposition was referred to a committee, consisting of Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Goldsmith, who, in their report express much approbation of the plan of the work, and recommend it to the notice of individuals. The report, in adding that it was not consistent with the object of their own institution to form any alliance with the association of the 'Bulletin Universel,' recommend that one share should be taken by the society.

* Greater care as to the exactness of figures should be insisted on from the editors of the various sections. Inaccuracy, in this respect, is but too general in French periodicals.

M. CHAMPOLLION, JUN.

THE NUBIAN EXPEDITION.

We perceive, with regret, that M. Champollion, with the real and sound claims he unquestionably possesses to the respect of the learned of all countries, cannot divest himself of a species of charlatanerie but too common among his countrymen. His letters would have been sufficiently interesting had he confined them to the discoveries which his interpretations of hieroglyphics have enabled him to make in the history, or rather the chronology of the Egyptians, but the importance with which he blazons forth his observations of monuments which have been often seen before, and even recently described by his own countrymen*, bespeak an egotism quite unbecoming the expounder of the hieroglyphics. An evident exaggeration too, and an affected enthusiasm perceivable in his descriptions, give grounds for receiving his accounts with no inconsiderable measure of qualification. He commenced his tour in Egypt with a *grand discovery*, which, had he carried with him the remembrance of Denon's work, to say nothing of the many drawings of less notoriety in this country, he would have known was no discovery at all. In his accounts of the bas-reliefs at Ibsamboul, he talks of the *perfect drawing* (!) of the figures: comparing it to that of the best Greek vases. This is absolute nonsense. That the drawing is good, that is to say, good for Egyptian sculpture, will not be denied; but to give the epithet perfect to drawings in which the limbs, arms, and hands are stiff, unformed members, with little or no drawing at all, is quite preposterous. Where M. Champollion has derived his notions of the figures on the best Greek vases, we profess ourselves curious to learn.

The conduct of M. Champollion, with regard to the stone discovered by our countryman, Mr. Burton—but we trust the story is not true,—and the manner in which he betrayed the confidence reposed in him by one who was induced to let him into the secret he had withheld from others, in deference to his high reputation, is particularly unfortunate in his particular situation; since a considerable portion of the merit claimed by M. Champollion, (unless our memory deceives us greatly), for his discovery of the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, depends on his own assertion, that, at a certain particular period, he was unacquainted with the labours of Dr. Young, which had preceded his own. Surely a person so situated should have been more than usually cautious of affording reason for doubting whether the principle by which he is generally actuated is of a lofty character. After all, one of the most useful discoveries of M. Champollion is, it seems, that of a cure for the gout, by means of a stove-bath, such as he enjoyed in the interior of the temple at Ibsamboul.

THE COLOSSEUM.

THE new system of admission adopted at the Colosseum, and which makes it optional with visitors either to content themselves with the view of the Panorama, paying two shillings, or to go through the list of curiosities of this extraordinary place, on the payment of additional entrance-money, seems likely to increase greatly the popularity of the exhibition. The change has induced us to repeat our visit to it, and we are happy to find that, amidst all the difficulties by which, according to rumour, the speculators in this concern have been embarrassed, a considerable advance towards completion is observable.

The circular gallery for promenading is completed, and forms a convenient, if not an elegant, resting place. The niches are fitted-up with sofas, and attendants are at hand with ices and confectionary for those who desire such refreshments. The centre of the gallery is adorned by busts, the works of living artists; and at one extremity is a

* See Gau's work.

Crucifixion in relief, by M. Sievier. We do not feel called on to pass criticisms on these productions.

Progress has also been made in the painting of the Panorama, but this part of the work is still imperfect; yet are we safe in pronouncing that the situation, from which it is to be viewed to most advantage, is the first or lower of the two galleries. In the upper one, the spectator is placed above the line of the horizon; the effect of this is unnatural, and by no means happy. It would be better, indeed, if the view from the second gallery were altogether excluded. The same observations are applicable to the peep-holes in a region still higher. Such varieties may be attractions for the vulgar, but they injure the effect of the Panorama and the impression it leaves on the mind. As to the painting itself, it will bear very minute inspection: it excites even greater astonishment, when closely examined by means of the numerous telescopes with which the public are accommodated, than when viewed generally without artificial aid. Contemplated in this way, a regret will perhaps occur, that a portion of the nicety in the details had not been sacrificed to a more powerful general effect, and greater force of colour. The drawing throughout is admirable. The exercise of a little ingenuity we should imagine, might obviate the apparent imperfection which arises from the slanting part of the Panorama which is not painted—we mean the part which represents the roof of the aisle.

The Conservatory and Swiss Cottage are splendid and highly interesting. Among the many rare plants in the former, there is not one perhaps which unites more claims to curiosity and attention than the Papyrus—the Egyptian plant from which the paper of the ancients was manufactured. The little Swiss cottage it was impossible to enjoy, without reflecting what an admirable retreat it would have formed for the unfortunate Mademoiselle Veréy. Here she might have dispensed her bonbons, and enjoyed the homage of admiring beaux, unannoyed by the persecutions of a barbarous populace: she might have flourished a goddess worthy of such a shrine. The temple, however, is not yet consecrated: and we feel too confident in the piety of its founders, to suppose that they will allow so worthy a sanctuary to remain dedicated to a mere imaginary divinity.

We cannot quit the Colosseum without calling attention to the imposing architecture of the portico, and more especially to the tinting or stains by which it is sought, and with remarkable success, to give to the stucco the massive and weather-exposed effect of hard material and of antiquity.

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

Sunday Morning. The Toilet. Engraved by Romney, from a Painting by R. Farrier, in the possession of Edmund Woods, Esq. Ackerman, and Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE original is one of the expressive and cleverly drawn productions of Mr. Farrier's pencil. The figure and face of the rustic coquette are perfect, and excuse, as quite natural, her lingering to take a last, last look, (in the glass). Nor is Granny's pride unpardonable, however imprudent the encouragement she gives to the satisfaction of the self-enamoured maiden. The engraving might be a little less coarse.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde; engraved by Joseph Swan, from drawings by J. Fleming, with historical and descriptive Illustrations by J. M. Leighton. Part IX. Griffin, Glasgow; Moon, Boys and Grave, London.

THE views contained in this Part are Gloch Lighthouse, Dunoon and Castle from the south west, and Kelly House, the seat of Robert Wallace, Esq. The first is a delightful and picturesque scene, and a bright, clear, and effective plate; the second also is a pretty view, but the engraving is

somewhat muddy. Mr. Swan, we presume, has not the entrée of Kelly House; he is certainly less at home there than at the Lighthouse.

The Rustic Wreath. Engraved by G. H. Phillips, from a Painting by W. F. Witherington, in the possession of G. Morant, Esq. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THIS is a charming plate—a mezzotint, full of artist-like effect, and of most sweet and delightful expression; creditable to painter and engraver.

View at Brighton—Copley Fielding, engraved by Charles G. Lewis. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE engraver, no doubt, finds his best exertions necessary to do justice to the clever and spirited drawings of Mr. Copley Fielding. We cannot consider this attempt by Mr. Lewis as a successful one. It has a harshness almost repelling.

NEW MUSIC.

'O! fair glides the bonny Birk,' as sung by Miss Paton, arranged from an ancient Border Song, by T. Welsh, the words by Melrose. Welsh.

MANY of the old Scotch reels generally played (for dancing) as '*fast and furious*' as possible, have been found to be highly interesting, when performed quite slowly—for example, 'Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,' 'Green grow the rushes O!' &c.—The Air adapted by Mr. Welsh, presents another example, and a very pleasing one it is; with Miss Paton's singing it must be highly interesting, being extremely well adapted to her voice and manner, and a worthy companion to her admired 'Mary of Castle Cary.' Mr. Melrose's words are by no means well adapted, the metre being much too short for the music, and thus parts of every line are necessarily repeated, and the sentiment intended to be conveyed, quite destroyed. For example—

'My swelling heart, is bursting, is bursting, is bursting, the bitter tear, of sorrow flow'd, of sorrow flow'd, of sorrow flow'd.'

however, the song is very pleasing, and deservedly popular.

The Albion Waltz, for the Piano Forte, arranged, and fingered by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co.

A PRETTY, useful, and light bagatelle, expressly well adapted for incipient performers, and teachers in schools.

'Slumber lie soft.' Canzonet, the Poetry written by J. R. Henry. The Music composed by John Burnet. Gow and Co.

AN Andantino Cantabile con Espressione (in C, 3-4 time), of a flowing and soothing character, agreeing quite well with the language, very easy to be performed, and with a moderate compass of voice. The first bars remind one of 'Le Gentil Housard,' but the resemblance is accidental. The accompaniment from the beginning to the end being (without a single exception) divided into triplets, creates a little monotony, but it is cleverly arranged, and the 'tout ensemble' is very pleasing and characteristic.

The favourite Airs from Auber's much admired Opera and Ballet, 'Masaniello, or La Muette de Portici,' including the Guaracha, Bolero, Tarantula, Barcarollo, and a Recapitulation of all the Melodies, arranged for the Flute by L. Drouët. Cocks and Co.

WHEN a musical performer and writer of high eminence, adapts and publishes popular music for his instrument, he generally renders it so difficult of execution (not being himself aware of what is difficult to learners) that his arrangement cannot be made generally useful for circulation amongst the multitude. This is not the case in the work we now notice, and therefore is it unusually desirable. This adaption of the highly popular music of 'Masa-

niello,' is presented in a form the most pure, simple, and pleasing; and although any other flautist might have made a similar work, yet Drouët's 'name is a tower of strength,' and of course gives a consequence to it that must form a striking recommendation. He has adapted twelve of the airs (nearly the whole of the Opera), and subjoins as a 13th piece, a sort of easy fantasia, or pot pourri, recapitulating all the melodies in a trite and familiar style, and in good taste.

The work is neatly brought out, and at the exceedingly cheap price of 3s.

VARIETIES.

PRIZE FOR COLOURED LITHOGRAPHIC PLATES.—The French Société d'Encouragement has proposed that two thousand francs be given to the inventor of a certain and economical method for colored printing in lithography. The conditions required are, that the method shall be reduced to practice by the inventor in such a manner, 1stly, as to furnish at least a thousand impressions of one subject, either complete, or so far advanced (in case the work shall demand a fine finish), that the colouring of the plates may be effected at a slight expense; 2ndly, that the results shall be less expensive, without being less perfect, than those which are furnished by the printing in colour on copper. The society do not exact, that the operation shall be confined to the use of a single stone; but they require an exact description of the process, an estimate of the expense, as well as specimens of different plates. The prize will be determined in the course of the second half-year of 1830. The memoirs and proofs to be sent in before the 1st of May of the same year.

HUNGARIAN MUSICAL PRODIGY.—One of the youthful prodigies of the age is the Hungarian, Baron Von Praun, a count palatine and knight of several orders. From his infancy he gave indications of precocious abilities by extraordinary progress in mathematics, languages, and other sciences, but above all, by his talent for music. In his practice of this art he devoted himself exclusively to the violin; and before he was twelve years old had attained such proficiency that he commenced a tour through Italy, Sicily, and France, and gave concerts in the principal towns in which he had occasion to sojourn, equally surprising and delightful to all who heard him. We happened to be at Palermo in the year 1823, when he visited that capital, and were frequently present at his private and public performances. He was a lively pleasing boy, and by his manners won the favour of all who conversed with him, as much as he excited the astonishment of the public by his great taste and wonderful execution.

It is not without interest, therefore, that we read of the arrival of this youth, now in his eighteenth year, in Berlin, for the first time, at a season when the almost miraculous performances of Paganini were the exclusive topic of conversation and applause in every circle. The fame of the Hungarian had already preceded him, but the public were hardly prepared to find so young a man enter the list with so formidable a rival. The friends of Von Praun, however, gave out that the Italian violinist was about to be eclipsed, and the rumour was spread that the youth considered his playing equal to Paganini's. The prices of admission to his concert were consequently raised; but this measure had an unhappy effect; the public, it seems, mistrusted the voice of fame on this occasion, and the theatre was almost empty. 'By the pretensions,' says a German critic, 'of the young artist and his friends, he had himself placed the scales in which he desired to be weighed in the hands of the public, and he was judged accordingly.' He performed a violin concert of Mayseder's, arranged for the violin by Lafonte, and a rondo '*Alla Polacca*,' of Benesch. The verdict of the scanty audience, it seems, was not calculated to answer the high expectation of the musician or his friends. It is allowed that his

tones are full and soft, and that his performance called to mind that of the celebrated Rhode; that the length and precision of his bowing were admirable, and that his fingering was dexterous; that the youthful performer possesses abilities and power seldom, if ever, displayed by so young an artist; but it is observed, that although he performs foreign composition, if not with the freedom of a master in his art, certainly with great facility, yet was he ill-advised to subject himself to so unnecessary an ordeal as a competition with Paganini, and to run the risk of raising, by his undue presumption, a prejudice in the mind of the public, which it would be difficult afterwards to overcome. The Baron Von Praun subsequently performed at a lower price of admission, and in another theatre, and repeating his defiance of his rival, played a concerto of Lafont with a capriccio of Paganini's added to it.

COAL MINES IN SPAIN.—The Company of the Guadalquivir having endeavoured to ascertain that the coal mines of the Asturias could supply them with twenty thousand tons per annum, the intend-ant of that principality replied, that it would not only contract to furnish them with the required quantity at the rate of 14s. per ton, inclusive of the expense of shipment, but that the stores of this article which nature had provided, were so considerable and the facility of extracting it so great, that the Asturias were capable of providing coals for the entire consumption of Europe during an unlimited term of years. He adds, that the whole soil is one immense mass of carbonaceous matter.

CHANNELS OF TRADE—ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—England possesses 30,000 miles of roads, nearly 4000 miles of canals, and above 300 miles of railways; whereas the territory of France, which is more than twice as extensive, does not afford above 45,000 miles of roads, 1500 miles of canals, and 114 miles of railways, of which latter, seventy-eight are still in course of completion.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

ON occasion of the recent distribution of prizes at the London University, some of the papers have thought fit to remark that the Institution is useless because the persons whose names appear in the list of successful candidates are not inhabitants of London. It is not quite honest in the champions of religion and morality to assume that the ultimate result of such an experiment as the London University can be inferred from a trial of a single year. For our parts we confess we have been much surprised at the success being already so great; and are delighted to see that the country is so sensible of the general want of good education. We have no doubt that before five years are past the residents in London will very generally avail themselves of the new establishment for the instruction of their sons. But at all events, there can be no question that if not a single metropolitan student were to enter the walls there is abundant room for the exertions of the professors among youths from other places. We trust the University may go on and flourish; and that King's College may soon be enabled to add its exertions to those of the earlier Institution. We add an account of the ceremony which has given rise to such injudicious comments.

The first session of the London University having terminated, the presentation of the prizes took place on Thursday last, the 9th of July. Earl Grey presided, and distributed the rewards, which consisted of handsomely bound copies of various ancient and modern classics.

The prizes had been awarded according to the merits of answers, in writing, to a series of questions printed for the classes of each professor, and delivered to the student after he came into the examination room. Two prizes were given in each class, and certificates of honours to all whose answers attested a certain degree of excellence beyond mediocrity or respectability. The classes, the students of which had submitted to examination, were Latin, Greek, English, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and English.

LATIN CLASS.—Thomas H. Key, M.A., Professor. The number of pupils entered for this class was 102, divided into three other classes according to their proficiency.

The First or Lowest Class contained twenty-five students. Their studies had been five books of Cæsar's Gallic War, and the first and one-half of the second book of the Civil War. Twenty had submitted to examination, and six had received certificates of honours.

Second Class.—Number of students, 31. Studies.—Two or three books of Cæsar's Gallic War, the first book of the Civil War, the twenty-first book of Livy, and the ninth of the *Æneid* of Virgil. Examined, 20; hon. cert., 8.

First or Highest Class.—Number of students, 47. Studies.—One or two books of Cæsar's Gallic War, the *Life of Cæsar* by Suetonius, the twenty-first, twenty-second, part of the twenty-third book of Livy, and the Letters of Cicero, both miscellaneous and those to Atticus, between the years 685 and 696, of Rome. Examined, 33; hon. cert. 19.

Students of the Latin Class who received Prizes:—First Class.—J. R. Bunnett, C. H. Barton. Second Class.—Wm. Johnson, the Earl of Leicester. Third or Highest Class.—J. C. Means, C. Dunkin.

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Prizes.—First Class.—T. Fisher. Second Class.—W. Johnson, Earl of Leicester. Third Class.—J. C. Means, W. A. Salter, C. Dunkin.

ENGLISH CLASS.—Rev. T. Dale, M.A., Professor.—Number of students, 32; average attendance, 24. Examined, 16; cert. 13.

Prizes.—R. Saunders, Frederick Lucas. English Composition.—Frederick Lucas.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.—Augustus de Morgan, B.A., Professor.—Number of students, 100; Classes, 2.

First or Junior Class: two Divisions.—Studies of the lower division—First four books of Euclid, and Algebra as far as equations of the second degree.

Second Division.—Six books of Euclid, Algebra as far as the Theory of Equations of the second degree, the Binomial Theorem, the Theory and Practice of Logarithms, the Elements of the Theory, and Series of Plane Trigonometry.

Senior Class.—Conic Sections, Spherical Trigonometry, the Theory of Equations, the application of Analysis to Geometry, and the First Elements of the Differential Calculus, and the Calculus of Differences. A few had proceeded further into the latter subject.

The number of students in two divisions of the Junior Class, 65. Cert. 13; viz. 9 in the lower division, 4 in the upper. Of the Senior Class, 9 were examined; cert. 4.

Prizes.—First Class.—A. McCulloch, W. Johnson. Second Class.—W. G. Turner, J. C. Means, equal. Third Class.—R. L. Powell, T. A. Mitchell.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—No regular class formed, but lectures were delivered three times a week, adapted principally for students of a limited knowledge of elementary mathematics, and embracing the principal parts of mechanics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics. Additional lectures were delivered twice a week for the particular instruction of a few who were found to have made some attainments in mathematics. A very large class of students, from the age of fifteen to thirty, attended several of the lectures into which the business of the session was divided. As many as one hundred attended one of the courses on Mechanics.

Of the students who attended the particular lectures submitted to examination, two were rewarded with

Prizes.—R. L. Powell, Count Calhariz, (son of the Marquis Palmella), equal.

ENGLISH LAW.—Number of students, 144. The prizes were received by E. J. Johns and J. Whitesides.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE contributions of several correspondents, some of which we return with regret, after having kept them long in the hope of finding a place for them in our columns, lie at the publishing office for the respective authors. The paper of B. and one or two others, it seems, must have been mislaid in the confusion consequent on changing the places of printing and publishing.

A. B. C. will find an answer, a satisfactory one we trust, in a note to the article entitled 'French Promenades.'

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

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Mon. 6.69	60	29.55	W.	Clear.	Cumulus.
Tues. 7.52	60½	29.60	S.W.	M. Rain.	Cirr.-Nim.
Wed. 8.72	60½	29.50	SW to W.	Fair, Cl.	Cumulus.
Thurs. 9.63	57	29.50	W N.W.	Ditto.	Cum.-Nim.
Frid. 10.38	57	29.60	SW to S.	Rn. P.M.	Cirr.-Nim.
Sat. 11.14	60	29.28	SE-SW.	Rain.	Ditto.
Sun. 12.58	62½	29.11	S.W.	Ditto.	Cum.-Nim.

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The Moon in Apogee on Monday.

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